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PROXY PARENTS INC.

GIRLS AND GRANDMOTHERS
WORK AS BABY-MINDERS
IN U.S. ORGANISATION

ONE novel occupation which has mushroomed into popularity during the labor shortage in America is that of the "baby-sitter." These women hire themselves out to care for children by the hour, day, night, or week-end.

The traditional "Nannie" prepared her last baby-food and washed her last napkin for the ordinary folk (including myself) at the advent of prosperous wartime conditions.

Only the rich can afford a nurse-maid at a salary ranging from 30 to 50 dollars (\$10 to \$16) a week, plus the added expenses of her upkeep.

The baby-sitters have been a real boon to the American housewife.

These sitters come from all walks of life and are aged anything between 17 and 70.

High School girls will sit for the nominal sum of 25 cents (about 1/9) per hour; College girls are slightly more expensive at the rate of 40 cents per hour; and a professional agency known as Proxy Parents Inc. charges from 75 cents to two dollars per hour for its sitters.

Proxy Parents Inc. is located in New York City. It was organized in 1939 and since then has provided thousands of "proxy mothers" for thousands of real mothers.

They have 127 employees on their books and receive an average of 75 calls a day. The firm acts as agent for the sitters and bills the parents at the end of the month.

The "proxies" receive a cheque for their services with a deduction made for commission.

The proxy mothers are thoroughly

trained. Some are trained baby specialists and excel in food preparation and general care of the infant.

Others prefer the older child and are schooled in child psychology.

There is slight chance of getting the same sitter each time unless she is booked well in advance, as they all have a steady flow of engagements.

However, they all have a wonderful technique for making the child feel at ease with them, even though they are complete strangers, and my boisterous four-year-old son insists that I go away often so that he can have a "proxy mother."

The sitters are trained to do little chores round the home which the mother herself would do if she were there. They take the children to the park, feed them, bathe them, read to them, put them to bed, and

prepare their own meals if they happen to be in a home at mealtime.

The fee for these professional sitters is 75 cents per hour for daytime work. There is a flat rate of two and a half dollars for the evening, from 7 o'clock till midnight.

However, if the mother is not home at the stroke of midnight, the sitters work (usually sit and read) for the tidy sum of a dollar per hour.

Proxy Parents Inc. will provide a trained person to arrange and preside over children's parties at the rate of two dollars per hour. They also have college boys on their staff who will take young boys on sight-seeing tours of New York City or to baseball or football games.

Although the charges for these professional sitters are slightly more than some of the others, it has not in the least lessened their popularity.

You can usually engage a proxy at a moment's notice, whereas the



"Do you happen to know where we could find a good sitter?" is the line for this joke which appeared in "The New Yorker." Its point would be missed by Australians unless they had heard of the organization described in story on this page.

private sitters have to be notified days and weeks in advance.

One of the local colleges also maintains a bureau for providing part-time work for its students. However, these young girls are not always as dependable as the professionals.

There is always the possibility that an attractive invitation may arise at the last moment and the poor mother would have to cancel her engagement! I should know, because it happened to me.

Another experience with the college set was none too satisfactory. I thought I had found a treasure in a young blonde "Cover Girl."

She came to me with one stipulation. She had to bring a girl friend along with her so she wouldn't get lonely.

Well, that was all right, and the lovely twosome took wonderful care of our youngster intermittently for some weeks.

We felt sure they liked coming to our house because of our phonograph, and we managed to keep them supplied with the latest records. We also kept the icebox filled with soft drinks and appetizing snacks.

However, one evening we arrived at our domicile and found not two but six of the young lovelies holding a jam session.

My spouse then put his foot down good and hard. He said he didn't mind a fair thing, but after all didn't expect them to hold a sorority meeting in our time!

Proxy Parents Inc. also has some college girls among its employees. These girls prefer sitting at night in order to do their studies while the children are asleep, whereas some of the older women prefer daytime work.

One of the young students, who apparently was majoring in journalism, recently spent an evening with our child.

When we arrived home quite late she told us she had spent the evening writing a thesis on the nursery rhyme!

Another interesting proxy was a middle-aged woman who came over one day to take care of our child while I went shopping. She was dressed in a beautiful mink coat and was bedecked with diamonds.

I subsequently learned that she lived in one of the better New York hotels, which was indeed most expensive, and naturally wondered why she was doing that kind of work.

She told me that her daughter had married and moved to another city and that she had recently become a grandmother.

She said it made her feel closer to her daughter and grandson to be with children during the day while her banker husband was at his work.

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Edwin Takes Over

By . . .

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AS usual, Mrs. Norwood was sitting at the head of the table. The dessert plates having been removed, she dabbled her fingers delicately but firmly in her finger-bowl. This—the firmness—was also characteristic of her. She was a woman of character.

Her son Edwin watched her. When she had finished with this formula it was his signal to rise, walk the length of the table and pull out her chair. After which he opened the door, watched her sweep through it, and followed her into the living-room for coffee.

The only variation this night was that the telephone rang as they reached the living-room. Edwin sat down in his usual chair and closed his eyes. He was tired. He felt as though he had always been tired, with the factory doing war work and short of help. Apart from that—and without his spectacles—he was revealed as a pleasant and rather good-looking young man who had been rejected by the Services, and who wore the spectacles because his mother thought his eyes were weak. He was roused by his mother's voice at the telephone.

"Well, I suppose he could manage," she said doubtfully. "He's absolutely no good, of course, when it comes to sickness. It hurts him. He's very sensitive, you know. The last time I had one of my liver attacks—"

Edwin grinned. The last time she had had one of her liver attacks, which always came when she had been thwarted, he had gone down to the inn and danced with a pretty girl until two in the morning. By that time he was Ed to her, and she was Kitty. It had been a change from his usual evening of double solitaire with his mother, and he had gone without his spectacles, too.

With his eyes closed he thought about the girl. He had found her alone on the inn porch. She had looked rather forlorn, and he had asked her to dance, adding diffidently, "You look rather lonesome out here, you know."

"I'd rather wait awhile," she said. "I'm tired, and my feet hurt."

He was too polite to ask about that, but later on they did dance. That was when she said her name was Kitty, and he became Ed. The "Kitty" was all he learned about her, however, except that it was to be her last night to play for a long time. He told her a good bit about himself, however, especially that he suspected his mother had told some authority about his football knee.

"Haven't known I had it for ten years," he said disgustedly. "But they turned me down."

She had slipped away finally, and although he had made excuses now and then to drive by the inn at night he had never seen her again.

He roused himself. His mother was still at the telephone.

"All right, I'll tell him. Rubber-soled shoes," she added. "Nine o'clock. Of course he will. He doesn't need to be told his duty." She hung up rather sharply, and Edwin looked at her with alarm.

"What's that about?" "They need you at the hospital to-night. Nine o'clock. Mr. Woodley can't go."

Edwin sat upright. "What's that got to do with me?" he demanded.

His mother assumed an attitude of patient forbearance. "George Woodley," she said, "has been doing orderly duty in one of the men's wards every Thursday night for months. The regular ones have all gone. Only to-night he can't do it.

His daughter's fiancé has got ten days' leave, and they're to be married to-morrow afternoon. You have an old pair of tennis shoes somewhere, haven't you?"

Edwin was fully alarmed by that time. "I can't do a thing like that. Get somebody else. I'm tired. I won't know what to do, and I'll go to sleep doing it," he said.

He was, however, speaking to the empty room. He was yawning when his mother returned carrying a pair of battered tennis shoes. He was familiar with the look on her face. Nevertheless, he made his protest.

"Look," he said, "I have to take the eight-thirty to town in the morning. I can't stay up all night. I'm dead on my feet."

"If George Woodley can do it—"

"He can sleep in his office all day if he likes. I can't."

But he knew the battle was lost, and at a quarter to nine, clad in a pair of slacks, a nondescript sports coat, and the tennis shoes, he got into his car and drove to the hospital.

"I'm to take Mr. Woodley's place," he said to the woman at the desk.

"Woodley? Who's he?" "I think he's been acting as night orderly somewhere. Men's surgical, I believe."

"Oh, that!" said the female, still more grimly. "Bring any supper with you?"

"I've had my dinner, thanks."

"I'm not interested about your dinner. Our volunteers bring supper with them, so they can stay awake at night. If and when they do," she added morosely.

At that moment a policeman pushed open the street door. He was half-shoving, half-carrying a young man in the uniform of a private first-class of the United States Army, who smelled considerably of distilled spirits, and also had a large lump on his forehead, and a dazed look in his eyes.

"Hit a lamp post with his car," said the officer. "Where do you want him, sister?"

"We don't want him at all," sister said coldly. "We're full up. We haven't enough nurses. We haven't enough doctors. We haven't enough of anything. Why don't you put him in a cell and let him sober up?"

"Look," said the policeman. "He's a soldier, isn't he? Maybe he's got concussion. I put him in a cell and he dies. What about the newspapers?"

Here the young man created a diversion. Apparently he realised what was happening for he began to struggle. "Lemme go," he said thickly. "Lemme out of here."

The engagement was brief but decisive. He ended in a chair, holding his head in both hands, and groaning, and the officer looked at his identification tag.

"Name seems to be Judson," he said. "Comes from California apparently. Army Serial Number 33194-906. His mother is next of kin. Well, he's your baby, sweetheart. Put him somewhere like a good girl, and let him sleep it off."

The name Judson rang a bell, a very faint bell, in Edwin's mind. But there was no time to think. Sweetheart was looking at him.

"Better take him up and put him to bed," she said resignedly. "That is, if you can find a bed." She glanced at the officer with bitterness.

"Get the elevator and help me. Mr. What's-His-Name here to take him up to the men's surgical."

"The name is Norwood," said Edwin. But the young man chose

that moment to make another dash for the door, and was only restrained by what looked like a hammerlock. Edwin was uncomfortable.

"I'll be all right, old man," he said. "Get a good sleep and you'll feel better. Come along, now."

Between them they got Judson into the elevator. The big suburban hospital was already dim and quiet. On the fourth floor the car stopped and they lugged their patient out. The hall was dark, but the policeman seemed to know his way about. He left Edwin and walked to a desk with a shaded light, where a girl in a cap and uniform seemed to be doing double-entry bookkeeping.

"Evening, Miss Gordon," he said. "Got a case for you."

SHE looked up, and Edwin got the shock of his life. It was the girl from the inn.

"What sort of a case, Murphy?"

"Car accident. Got a big bump on his head. Maybe concussion."

She looked at Edwin, but the hall was dark, and all she could see was the light on his spectacles. Her face remained blank.

"Which one of them is it?" she asked.

Edwin stepped forward, slightly indignant. "I'm taking Mr. Woodley's place to-night," he said. "Men's surgical. Name's Norwood."

She remained disinterested, however. She looked very tired, he

thought, but he felt a certain sense of excitement.

"I'm afraid I haven't got a coat for you," she said absently. "Mr. Woodley took his home to be washed."

Murphy coughed. "What am I to do with this package I've got here?"

He inquired, "He's out on his feet." "There's an empty in the surgical there," she said, and sighed. "It's the last bed at the end. Get him a shirt, Murphy. You know where they are."

Down the hall a red light flashed on. She looked at it in despair.

"Forty-nine again," she said. "I've got two wards and six private patients to-night. Leave his clothes out here for me to list later, and I'll get an ice-bag when I have the time."

She went down the hall toward the red light, and Murphy grinned.

"Nice girl," he said. "Guess they're pretty short of nurses just now. All right, Judson. Off we go."

They did not go off immediately, however. P.P.C. Judson seemed to have other ideas. In the end, of course, he yielded to superior force, and was marched to the empty bed. The next problem was relatively simple. Judson was asleep as soon as he was horizontal, and Murphy proved an expert at taking off his clothes. When at last he lay, clad in a short hospital shirt of unbleached muslin, which tied at the back of the neck with tapes, he was already snoring.

Murphy gathered up the clothes

"You look rather lonesome out here, you know," Edwin said diffidently.

and inspected them in such light as there was. He held up a pair of short underdrawers which were certainly not G.I.

"Quite the boy, isn't he?" he said admiringly. He turned to Edwin. "New here, are you?" he asked conversationally.

"Absolutely."

"Well, don't let these guys kid you any," he said cheerfully and left.

The ward was aroused by that time. In the semi-darkness it appalled Edwin, for it contained not only twenty beds but a ghastly variety of surgical appliances. Here and there arms and legs in white casts were suspended in the air, and over all was the heavy odor of antiseptics. A fine cold sweat broke out on his forehead, and just then a deep male voice spoke.

"Want a drink of water, papa," it said.

Almost immediately other voices rose. They wanted crumbs brushed out of their beds. They wanted their backs rubbed. They wanted water. He was making his sixth errand to the bathroom when he met the nurse in the dark doorway. He flushed, but she barely glanced at him.

"Here's the ice-bag for Judson," she said. "Can you take his temperature?"

"I can put a thermometer in his mouth."

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Little Green Specks

By ANITA CAMPBELL

THERE was nothing to be done, the doctors told her, but hope for something, some agency, anything to awaken a desire in him to come back to living, to relate himself to humanity again. The paralysis was purely psychological. His case was not rare, but it was one of the worst types of war-neurosis to deal with.

The last of the doctors looked at her appraisingly. She looked a fine young woman, gentle and strong. So much depended on that.

"Mrs. Jermyn, your relations with your husband, were they happy before he went away?"

Joan Jermyn's eyes filled with quick tears. "As perfect a relationship as any human association can be, doctor. That's what breaks my heart, that that bond . . . has been found wanting. I feel I have failed."

"No. No. That's not so, Mrs. Jermyn. Your husband, I take it, was a highly sensitised fellow. Well, they often pay a terrible penalty, those finely tuned individuals in war. Shock on shock, battering as it were on a delicate and complicated instrument, until finally it shatters the whole. The minds that are broken up . . . so much more tragic than bones. But don't give up hope."

"Anything, the least trifle, may do the trick, may just press the little lever that will pull his whole system into focus again, and then it will be only a matter of time until he is as hale as you or I. And I'm sure," he added kindly, "that you will find the lever."

But she couldn't. Nothing could penetrate that savage, all-embracing but controlled disgust. A disgust so deep, so terrible that to look in his eyes for more than a moment was to be seared and bereft of hope. He was polite, restrained, formally grateful for services rendered, a courtesy that cut like a whiplash.

He sat in his wheel-chair in the sun. In a wheel-chair in the sun, at thirty years of age, in the garden

they had built together. And that, he thought grimly, was the reward of a hero. Five years of filth unspeakable. Too much murder, too much horror, too much obscenity for a sane man to live through, and come out whole. No values left—nothing. A wheel-chair in the sun. And the suave physicians said he could walk if he would. The fools. As if any sane man . . . but was he sane? Why had this thing struck him down when he had escaped bullets and bombs? Perhaps he wasn't sane . . . perhaps he never had been sane. "I must be mad," he muttered.

"Did you speak, darling?" Joan, his wife, ever watchful. Why? Did she think he wasn't sane? Did she perhaps know he wasn't sane? Else why that watchfulness . . . ?

"No," he said, with cruel precision. "I did not speak." Why couldn't she leave him alone? Why must he be watched and amused, and given things to play with . . . except a razor. She wouldn't give him a razor. Perhaps she guessed . . .

BEES droning, irritated him. Buzzing . . . and flying so freely. Ah . . . even the bees, free, flying, lighting on the pink geranium, sucking out the sweetness. Hovering a little over each tiny bloom, choosily deciding which one to rob, then diving head-first into all that sweetness, their little brown ends wagging busily, poking out of the pink seclusion.

A honey-eater flew down from a laden wattle and perched on the fence. The man in the wheel-chair was always so still that the birds were not afraid. The honey-eater, too, free, flying. A soft wet nose thrust itself under his flaccid hands. He pushed the dog away pettishly, and the honey-eater flew off at the sudden movement. Roger, ever the optimist, galloped after him volitionally. Roger . . . the bees . . . the honey-eater, free . . . So much for the divinity of man! A log, inert, dead, but denied a decent death.

Joan watched him covertly from the window. Strange that she interpreted his thoughts so truly—strange that the bond was a one-way only. She followed his current of thought, saw his irritation at the bees, at the bird, at the dog.

"There must be something. There must be . . ."

The man still sat in the wheel-chair in the sun. He had sat there for many days, and the lines of bitterness were etched ever deeper in his face. And the dead flat courtesy controlled him still. She had never broken through that intangible barrier, never been able even to stimulate him to anger. It was like living with the disembodied spirit of a man, a sick spirit that could not die.

The bees still droned through their summer economy in a rising tempo toward a frenzy of activity. The wattle was full now, ablaze, just about to fade. Its lush beauty sickened him. Overdone, everything was overdone, highly colored, disgustingly fecund. The scent of thyme taunted his nostrils, and a wafting breeze blew it away and brought with it a wave of another perfume, broom, yellow broom in full bloom.

"If I were a woman," he thought cynically, "I could scream. Scream at the fulsome of everything, jibing at a man, nauseating my soul. Now I'm talking to myself about my soul!" A shiver of disgust shook him.

Joan was coming down the path from the top of the garden. He stole himself to every contact. He could push Roger away, although the silly brute refused to be snubbed, but Joan . . . he had to be polite to Joan.

He shut his eyes, aware of the abnormality of his sensations. Fear leapt up again, a fear of madness. Perhaps when winter came he would find peace . . . a harsh winter, he hoped, with bitter winds and a raw life in the air . . . life and its beastly pulsating subdued to its lowest tempo.

Joan paused by his chair. "Darling," she said, "if I leave these with you, would you be a dear and set them? I really haven't time, and they must be put in now." "These" were a large seed-box, prepared, and a big brown packet of seeds. "They're prize seeds from Aunt Margaret." Aunt Margaret lived in North Queensland, and her gifts had been highly valued. They had made their garden rare as well as lovely.

"Of course." Confound the seeds. She put the seed-box down on the table by his side, deliberately a little away from him. "Force him to make a little straining movement whenever you can," the doctor had said.

"Put them in rows, will you, darling? It's so much easier then to transplant." She didn't give him an implement. Let him feel soil in his hands. Soil was real . . .

He picked out the seeds one by one, ironically, sardonically. He planted them in rows. "Well, well," he sneered under his breath, "isn't it nice that I've still use of my hands?"

Next day she brought him a minute watering-can with a fine spray. "Will you water them? I've so much to do, but you will be gentle, won't you? Don't wash them out. They're precious, those little seeds." Twice that day he had to carefully water the seeds. Twice the next day, and the next. Soon the box was left at his side and she would hand him the watering-can with no word—just a smile. A smile of proprietorship, not hers over him, but theirs over the seeds. And soon it was no longer their proprietorship; it was his, his over the seeds. They had become his responsibility. He knew it and resented it bitterly. He didn't want it, didn't want any tie with life, with living, with anything. The only way to bear this

... Story of a postwar problem

Why couldn't she leave him alone? he thought, conscious that Joan was watching him.

log-life was to be detached, utterly, from everything, particularly things that grew. But tending the seeds had become a habit, forced on him by Joan, a habit which he could not break without being boorish.

The bees were buzzing loudly, and now the cicadas had burst upon the summer in all their screaming glee, screaming continuously in the blazing sun, and then, at sundown, closing off in one almost simultaneous note. They made of the gum trees a mad orchestra pit, shrilling forth a monotonous symphony.

Joan brought him the watering-

can and left him. A wave of perfume swept his nostrils . . . faintly nostalgic, thyme. He picked up the can and turned to the box. Gosh! Green! Little faint specks of green, in orderly rows in the seed-box! Blood tingled suddenly in the upper part of his body, the only part that still felt alive. Queer! Queer that sudden lift in the blood, over a few little specks of green hardly visible to the naked eye.

"Seeds have germinated!" he said woodenly to his wife as she brought him a tray.

Please turn to page 15

Are you always weary . . .
do you lack vigour, or
suffer constant pain?
—then take a course of

Elasto

REGISTERED TABLETS

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MAIDEN WITH BUTTERFLIES

Fascinating modern serial

By TOM POWERS

WHIRLWIND adventure follows when a beautiful blonde Chicago cigarette girl helps to recover a priceless ruby ring which gangsters have stolen from a visiting Indian prince.

Chaperoned by a woman who pretends to be her Aunt Mary, she flies with the prince's suite to South America. She takes hectic adventures calmly in her stride, unaware that vital international issues are involved, grasping only that her trip has been arranged by Ted Swift, an F.B.I. agent, whom she calls Wens, that the prince has struck trouble with his brother in India, and that he is selling jewellery wholesale as he travels about.

At Rio they take aboard a mysterious Oriental, "Mr. Bosco," who startles her by saying she is to be a princess.

Now read on:

"**Y**OU pretty," Mr. Bosco went on, smiling at me. "You travel with Prince Halla Bandah, and you got pretty old lady go along too, so nobody don't think you not going to be princess, so nobody don't think nothing at all."

"She's my aunt," I says, and by this time it didn't seem like a lie. "The prince, he's just a friend," I says, "and he give us a lift."

"How far you going with prince?" he says.

But how could I tell him when I didn't know myself? So I says.

"How far you going, Mr. Bosco?"

"All the way," he says. "I got business. Business here with prince's brother and prince too, much business. You don't know prince's brother?"

"No," I says, "I don't know any of the family except just this one prince," I says.

"You wait till you see the old prince," he says. "He is a very good man."

"You mean this gentleman's father?" I says.

"Yes," he says. "The old prince, he be very glad to see you."

"Why?" I says.

"You see," he says, and he laughed and took a little green thing out of his pocket and held it out in the flat of his hand. It was made out of some kind of little green stone carved like a cockroach, only without those little pinchers in the front. It had a little link on it like gold, to hang it on a chain if you had one.

"What's that?" I says.

"Present," he says, for you. Keep it always," he says, "it bring good luck."

"Thanks," I says.

I wanted to know what had made him say all of those things like that. I knew he would tell the truth, so I went on. "I understand," I says, "from the prince that his pop wasn't very pleased with him, and so he give him a kind of a State and sent him off to live on it by himself. What is a State, in India, Mr. Bosco?" I says.

"Is like a small country. Got land, got many people, got own army, like small country. Halla Bandah like king, he kill anybody don't do what he tell 'em," he says. "Brother he got the same. Old prince be glad see you."

"I don't get it," I says.

"Prince Halla Bandah's father," he says, "he send his young son away like older son, because two boys get into scheme with neighbors to do what English will not like. Both boys work together. They blood brothers, make oath," he says.

"Neighbors not fond of English," he says. "Neighbors not fond of old prince, much, either."

"How far is Japan from their country?" I says.

"Not so far," he says.

"I couldn't think of much to say to that, so he got up."

"You keep little present," he says, and then, very soft, "it brings you much luck, and you have many children, many grandchildren, too."

So after Mr. Bosco left me, Aunt Mary came and sat with me. And I told her about Mr. Bosco, but not all, and I showed her the little ornament thing.

"That is a great compliment from an Oriental," she says. And she said it was good luck just like he said. "It's a scarab," she says.

Then I told her I didn't want the prince to make any mistakes about my intentions. I said I didn't mind visiting him up here in the air while I was waiting till I could go back to Chicago and get my job back, if I could get it back, but I wouldn't for the world have the prince get any idea I was expecting anything like that.

So she said I wasn't to worry, and I said all right I wouldn't, anyway, as far as Natal, where we was nearly getting to, and where I supposed we would be saying good-bye to 'em all.

"Listen, child," says Aunt Mary. "Why not take the whole trip and enjoy it?"

"But, Aunt Mary," I says, "how will I ever get back from India? Suppose Mr. Hoover goes broke?"

Aunt Mary's laugh made everything seem all right. "Will you trust me?" she says.

"Sure," I says, "but don't you come to me some dark night over there and say, 'Listen, honey, he's a nice boy and his folks are right well-to-do, and hadn't you better just go ahead and be a princess, because if you don't his bad brother has got a snake farm and he's going to put you in it to think it over. I seen it in a movie and I couldn't sleep for a week.'"

"Don't you worry," she said; so I didn't.

Natal was nothing much. We went in and got the gas and oil checked and we turned and went out of there, bing, right over the water. From there we went to Liberia, and then we headed for this Soodan the prince had told me about.

On the way Mr. Bosco and I got to talking about the prince, and he said this special piece we was taking now to sell to this Soodan king where we was headed for, was to get the rest of a lot of money that the prince wanted to use for something that had to be used right quick, before the war went any further.

That's why Mr. Bosco was visiting in Rio and why we had to fly all that way out of our way to get him so he could come back and help about what the prince's brother was about to do.

"Who was the brother about to do it with?" I says. And Mr. Bosco says, "The Japanese."

So I asked Mr. Bosco if the brother was fond of the Japanese, and he said yes, he was, and that he didn't like the English at all, and it seemed to me like the English people was on our side, so I got more worried if the prince was collecting money for our enemies.

Well, after a while we got to Soodan, at a place called Kartoom, and right in the middle of going shopping again Aunt Mary told me that Pimples, the gangster leader that stole the prince's ring, was in gaol.

"What for?" I says.

"I don't know," she says, "but he is."

"You sound like a spiritualist medium," I says, "that's had a vision in a little glass thing," I says.

"That's what I am," she says, "only I get my visions by code," she says, "from cables sent by a young man that's pretty sold on you."

"Jeff?" I says.

"Not Jeff," she says, "That boy that you call Caribuncles or whatever it is, and who I call Ted Swift," she says.

"What did he say?"

"Just that," she says, "Pimples in gaol. Hope for conviction. Pals later. Give Snowqueen information and my love. That was all."

"Does that mean I can go home?" I says.

"It certainly means that the time is coming when you can think about it," she says, "if you want to. Try to keep on trusting me," she says.

"There's something we've got to find out in India, and when we find it out our work will be done, and then you can go home the quickest way."

So here I was in Soodan, being a kind of Math-Hari, only dressed in white, and not knowing just what a decoy was supposed to do, but going right on doing it.

Soodan is a desert, and it seems there's a good many kings of it. The one we went to see had a big bushy beard as red as fire and robes and some stuff over his head like fine mullin. He had a palace that was right out of Hollywood, and slaves, black and tan, and wives that was kept in a harem with veils over the lower parts of their faces.

The king had fourteen sons, all shades and sizes and dressed like him. We was invited out to this



"Attaboy," cried the king, waving his hands in delight as the ruffler began working.

palace was all round it and it had a roof over most of it. And there was Mr. Bosco in his shiny black suit. He was smiling and seemed to think we looked pretty sharp.

Aunt Mary began to talk to him about Japan, and as I didn't know anything about Japan I just wandered round looking at the flowers. It seemed like I could hear machinery running, but I couldn't be sure. Suddenly I saw a door open right by me, and a big black man, in a white nightgown, beckoned for me to come in there.

I backed off toward Aunt Mary and Mr. Bosco pretty quick.

Then he opened the door a little wider, and this time I was sure I heard a machine.

When he opened the door enough for me to see into the little room behind him, my eyes bucked out like poached eggs. For there, in that little room, was the old king working the machine, pushing something through it with his fingers. It was a sewing-machine, exactly like Aunt Helga's that I learned to sew on from the day I was six.

I just yelled with laughing and couldn't stop. And even Aunt Mary looked a little scared, which she never did, and I knew she was afraid I'd hurt the old boy's feelings.

But instead of getting mad, the old boy laughed. Then he took his feet off the treadles and come running out still laughing. Then he led me into the little room and showed me the machine.

He had yards and yards of silk and satin and white stuff, and he sat down and run seams. I never saw anybody more proud of what he was doing, and I kept clapping for him and telling him what a bright boy he was, and everyone else that had crowded in was making a fuss of him, too.

"When things got a little quiet," I says to Mr. Bosco, "Ask him if he can work the attachments."

But Mr. Bosco didn't know what I meant, so I thought I'd find 'em, and I leaned over and opened the bottom drawer and there were the attachments, all done up in their box, with an old tissue paper still wrapped round 'em.

So I unwrapped 'em and held 'em out to the king, but I could see from his face that he didn't know what they was for.

I wanted to go ahead and show those Soodans and their king a thing or two, but I saw Aunt Mary's face, watching, and I knew that you don't show kings up, so I attached the ruffler and I bowed to the old boy, to show respect, and then I reached up and took him by the shoulders and sat him down at his machine.

I stood behind him and put my arms over his shoulders and put a piece of wide gold-colored ribbon on. I turned the wheel till it took the first stitch, and I left the needle down to hold it. Then I stepped aside and clapped my hands and says, "Attaboy."

He started pedalling. The machine began to do its stuff and when it come out a ruffle you'd of thought I had rose up off the ground and floated through a hoop, while the king waves his hands, and cries "Attaboy!"

Then we went out in a hall and down steps into a kind of a front yard that wasn't one because the

palace of his for a banquet and to spend the night. When we got in the main hall of it, there was the king and the fourteen boys all lined up to meet us.

The old king took one look at me and "Palace Theatre," he yelled and come up and took my hand.

I didn't know what to make of the king calling me Palace Theatre, like that, but while he was talking to the prince Aunt Mary showed me a medal he had on that King George gave to him in London after the last war when he went there to tell the King of England he was glad his side won. Aunt Mary said a lot of Soodan kings had gone there like that, and she remembered one of the places they was taken to be entertained was this Palace Theatre, and that was probably all the English he knew.

Presently Aunt Mary and me went up to our rooms to get ready for the banquet. I got into my white crepe long formal dress, and I felt pretty smart.

Then we went out in a hall and down steps into a kind of a front yard that wasn't one because the

Please turn to page 19



No wonder the demand for Potter's "Anti-Shrink" Rayons far exceeds present supplies. Potter's "Anti-Shrink" Rayons are gay and durable. They wash without a hint of shrinkage . . . dry and iron like magic . . . Consequently, the manufacturers regret their inability to meet all enquiries. Soon, they hope to produce all the Potter's "Anti-Shrink" Rayons you require. Meanwhile, limited supplies only are available. Depend upon it . . . these will be distributed to your best advantage. As soon as possible, there will be enough to spare for all.

POTTER'S
Anti-shrink **RAYONS**

PAYMENT IN FULL

FOR a moment Dr. Kennedy sat in his car, stealing a bit of rest before entering his house. It had been a difficult day. Wearily, he regarded the house. Before the Army had taken his son Walt and the other younger doctors, coming home had meant some respite from work. Tonight the waiting-room would be crowded with patients. He would be fortunate if he could have dinner before nine o'clock.

As he pushed out of the car he saw Mrs. Higbee, his housekeeper, standing anxiously in the doorway, and he knew immediately that he was later than usual.

Squaring his wide shoulders, he strode briskly along the drive and took the steps two at a time. He smiled into her plump, distressed face, and said with forced cheerfulness:

"I'm hungry. The kitchen certainly smells good—"

"A man your age working like a plough horse—you'll have a stroke some day."

"If I do, it won't surprise you. You've been predicting it for thirty years. Any mail to-day?"

She shook her head dejectedly. "Nothing from Walt. I'm getting worried."

"Nonsense. Probably we'll hear to-morrow." He motioned toward the door of his surgery. "Are there many waiting?"

"Too many. Mayor Hippininstall's there."

"Mayor Hippininstall," he echoed, and became silent. The Mayor's presence was unexpected, considering the coolness which had been between them ever since that wild and stormy day, nearly a year ago, when the rampaging river had washed out the new bridge. The accident had happened because Hippininstall had used cheap materials to economise, and Dr. Kennedy had protested publicly.

"I wonder what he wants," Dr. Kennedy mused aloud.

He counted the people in the room; eight, in addition to Mayor Hippininstall, who was occupying the most comfortable chair.

"Hello," he said. "Sorry I had to keep you waiting. Who's first?"

An hour later only Hippininstall remained in the waiting-room. He seemed untroubled by the long wait.

"Well, Joe," Dr. Kennedy said. "You look healthy and sound healthy. Is this a professional or municipal visit?"

"Neither. It's social. I'm a happy man. I'm at peace with the world."

Dr. Kennedy laughed. "In that case, how about dinner?"

"Let's see," the Mayor ruminated. "This is the wife's late day at the sanitarium, so yes, if it won't be too much trouble."

When the meal was over, the Mayor settled back and lit a cigar. "Well, I might as well come out with it. I came here to bury the hatchet," he said.

"By all means—if you're still totting it round."

"I was angry," Hippininstall admitted, "mainly because you were right and I was wrong. Then I got to thinking. With young Bob being

such a good kid, going off to war, and this wife so brave about it—well—it makes a man see more clearly."

"Bob and a lot of others we used to think of as irresponsible youngsters have done a great job. We parents have a lot to live up to."

His eyes were distant as he thought of Walt, a major in the Army Medical Corps, stationed somewhere in the Pacific zone of war.

The Mayor's voice took on an oddly gentle tone: "Bob's coming home."

"Great! No wonder you're happy."

"His train's due to-morrow, at noon. He made a point of wanting to see you—"

"Walt and Bob have always been close," Dr. Kennedy said. "I won't disappoint him."

The Mayor stood up and clapped Dr. Kennedy on the back.

"This visit's done me good. I'll be seeing you at the station."

After the Mayor had gone, Dr. Kennedy remained quiet, trying to control the pictures which had superimposed increasingly over well-loved memories with each day of Walt's long silence.

Suddenly the doorbell rang, and he rose from his chair just as Mrs. Higbee, drying her hands on her apron, shouldered through the swinging door.

"I'll get it," he said. "Probably Joe Hippininstall's forgotten something."

"If it's another patient, I'll—"

Her sentence expired in mid-air as he opened the door to a messenger boy. Without a word Dr. Kennedy accepted a telegram and tore open the envelope. He was trembling even before the dreadful word leaped out to catch his eye. Missing! Walt was missing! That was why no letter had come—

Feet wide apart, he stood there like an ancient tree beset by a surprise storm, and he looked each one of his seventy years.

"Dr. Kennedy!" Mrs. Higbee's alarmed call penetrated his consciousness.

She snatched the telegram, read it, and emitted a stricken cry.

"He was like my own," she wailed.

"Ever since his mother passed away."

"Grief doesn't help him, or you." Desperately he searched for solace to give her, and said hollowly, "He's not dead, or they would have said so."

He talked on and on, in tones of hope he did not feel, speaking of Walt's courage and resourcefulness and other qualities which would keep him safe from harm. At last Mrs. Higbee stopped crying, and, to his astonishment, Dr. Kennedy discovered that he had regained control of himself. He went to his room and fell into an exhausted sleep.

The chill of early morning awakened him unpleasantly.

The telephone rang, and, welcoming the interruption, Dr. Kennedy answered it.

"Doctor," came Joe Hippininstall's agitated voice. "I need you right

away. I'll be by to pick you up in five minutes."

"Not so fast, Joe. Begin at the beginning. What's happened?"

"They took Bob off the train at Lakeside. He's in the local hospital, down with meningitis. I don't know those Lakeside doctors. You've got to come."

It was nearly noon when they arrived at the tiny Lakeside hospital.

"Mr. Hippininstall's son is a patient," Dr. Kennedy said to a girl sitting at a switchboard. "We'd like to have the resident doctor."

"Dr. Clemens," she said, and made a connection on the board. As they waited, Hippininstall glanced dubiously about the lobby. "This place is two-by-four. They haven't facilities—"

"It's modern enough, and Clemens is a good man. He went to school with Walt."

Footsteps clicked on the tile flooring, and they turned to see a slight, bespectacled young man smiling in recognition.

"Dr. Kennedy," he said, "it's a pleasure to see you."

"Young man," Hippininstall growled. "I've brought Dr. Kennedy to take charge of my son."

To avert any awkwardness, Dr. Kennedy interrupted and identified the Mayor as Bob's father.

"Your son," Clemens offered un-

charts and records ready for perusal, Dr. Kennedy conscientiously went through the entire examination, taking nothing for granted, accepting no test second hand. Everything pointed definitely to meningitis; the appearance and condition of the patient made no other diagnosis logical.

Dr. Kennedy, however, was not satisfied. From long experience in country practice he recalled similar cases—the cases which had been meningitis, and the ones which had merely shared the same symptoms, Osteomyelitis—inflammation of the bone marrow—could manifest as meningitis—if the original wound had been dirty, and infection had entered the bloodstream.

Carefully Dr. Kennedy reviewed this case. Yesterday, Hippininstall had mentioned a battle injury, a leg wound. That was it. He turned back to the patient in sudden inspiration. The left leg showed scar tissue, and X-ray proved that the bone had been nicked by a bullet.

He left the room and, as he walked down the corridor, he made his decision. Reaching the lobby, where Clemens and Rogers were grouped round the Mayor, he saw that Hippininstall was relaxing under the beneficent manner of Dr. Rogers.

As Dr. Kennedy joined them, the Mayor said: "Dr. Rogers has been telling me he thinks Bob's chances are good."

"I wish I could agree," Dr. Kennedy announced bluntly, "but I believe his chances are nil if we treat him for meningitis."

Rogers frowned heavily. "What, then, is your diagnosis?" he challenged Kennedy.

"Recurrent osteomyelitis, with brain abscess—"

"Preposterous," Rogers decided; then, with a show of fairness, he asked young Clemens, "How do you feel about it?"

"Dr. Kennedy has a point, but it doesn't change my opinion."

Hippininstall was both frightened and indignant. "That's my boy you're arguing about. He could die while the three of you wrangle—"

"Joe," Dr. Kennedy explained, "these gentlemen are convinced of one thing, and I'm equally convinced of another. My advice is an immediate operation."

"When did you get this?" Joe demanded, picking up the telegram.

"Operation? Is it dangerous?"

Dr. Kennedy nodded gravely.

"An extremely delicate operation."

Rogers spoke soothingly. "It could cost the life of your son. I think the risk is too great. I'd like to continue the treatment Dr. Clemens is giving."

Hippininstall paced back and forth, his facial expression revealing the turmoil inside. For several minutes there was only the sound of his steps and an undertone of speech from the girl at the other side of the room as she answered her phones. Then the Mayor left off his anxious pacing and said mildly:

"I only know I want my son to live. I believe all of you are sincerely trying to save him—but I've got to stay with the majority—there's nothing else I can do."

Almost with relief Dr. Kennedy heard the Mayor's decision. Now responsibility rested squarely upon Clemens and Rogers. They could cope with this doubtful case and, win or lose, he would be in the clear. A doctor was expected to offer his considered, sincere advice, and if it was rejected—well, the doctor couldn't be censured.

Slowly he walked away from the men who still carried on. At the far end of the room he seated himself upon an uncomfortable wicker settee. Suddenly his thoughts were as uncomfortable as the settee. He had quit and now was in the midst of consoling himself with half-truths, attempting to justify his own inadequacy.

As a father, he knew exactly what that decision had cost Joe Hippininstall, and fresh in him were feelings similar to the ones which would torture Joe Hippininstall when the decision proved to be in error.

He marched over to the others. "Joe," he ordered gruffly, "come here. I want to talk to you alone."

He led the Mayor to the settee.

"First of all," Dr. Kennedy said, "I'm going to remind you that we're friends of long standing. So far, I haven't failed you, and I don't intend to now. Joe, you've got to let me operate on that boy and drain that abscess before it kills him."

"But—but if I should lose him—"

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By WILLIAM TUNBERG

easily, "is doing as well as can be expected, but it's too early to tell much."

"Young man," the Mayor roared, "that tells me exactly nothing—"

In exasperation, Dr. Kennedy propelled him to a seat, out of earshot, returned to Clemens and apologised. "Don't mind him, he's the excitable type."

"So I see," Clemens agreed pleasantly. "About young Hippininstall. He's in some now—has been ever since he was admitted. I examined him and, to make doubly sure, asked the neurologist—Rogers—to look at him. Both examinations agree. It's meningitis."

"Pretty conclusive, but I'll take a look. I'll make the boy's father feel easier."

"Yes, and I'll ask Rogers to soothe the old fire-eater," Clemens smiled. "Rogers has what I haven't—a bedside manner."

With a nurse attending, Dr. Kennedy went into Bob's room. Despite

Rogers has been telling me he thinks Bob's chances are good."

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BUBBLES

GATHER ROUND, GIRLS—FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!

DON'T LOOK NOW BUT YOUR SHOULDER STRAP'S BROKEN!

I'M ALWAYS REMINDING MY UNDIES, RUBBLES, WHY DO THEY WEAR OUT SO QUICKLY?

EXPECT IT'S PERSPIRATION LEFT IN OVERNIGHT, CHEERUP—IT PLAYS THE VERY DIRTY GAME WITH DELICATE MATERIALS

WOW! LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S MY OWN FAULT—NOT WASHING THEM EACH NIGHT!

YOU OUCH ON, KAY! BUT BE SURE YOU USE LUX—LUX CARE MAKES THINGS LAST THREE TIMES LONGER

THAT NIGHTLY LUX DO WHIRLS OUT PERSPIRATION BEFORE IT DOES HARM, AND UNDIES WASHED IN LUX STAY PRETTY 3 TIMES LONGER THAN UNDIES WASHED WITH STRONG SOAPS OR HARSH WASHING METHOD LIKE BAR-SOAP RUBBING

LUX

MY, WHAT PRETTY NEW UNDIES!

NOT NEW, REALLY, THAT'S JUST THE LUX LOOK!

A new kind of morning Radio Serial

"Mary Livingstone M.D."

The life of a
brilliant woman doctor,
who had to say "No"
to the man she loved



1925

Mary Livingstone tops her State Intermediate exams with eight "A's". Later, her headmistress tells Florence Livingstone, Mary's mother, that Mary is the most brilliant scholar ever to pass through her High School. Florence Livingstone is determined that Mary shall go on with her scholastic career.

1927

But Mary is also gifted with a glorious contralto voice. Her father, Raymond Livingstone, a professional musician, pleads with Mary to forget her studies and have her voice trained. He knows she has a world voice. However, Florence Livingstone has sacrificed everything, including the love of her husband, to keep Mary at High School. She urges Mary to go on to the University.



1932

John Hammond, a student of Architecture at the University with Mary, pleads with her to give up her career and marry him. Although she loves him desperately, she has to say no. She believes it would break her mother's heart if she married him and gave up her career.



"Mary Livingstone, M.D." is sponsored
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Elizabeth Cooke

... famous KRAFT Cooking and
Nutrition Expert, says:

There is no other cheese like Kraft Cheddar. First, it is made by a special process that blends together many prize-winning cheeses—just when they are right at the peak of their flavour.

Then, the process of pasteurisation holds that delicious flavour indefinitely... helps keep Kraft Cheddar fresh to the very last slice. And, that delicate cheddar flavour never varies.

Whenever and wherever you ask for Kraft

Cheddar Cheese, you know that you will once again get that real cheddar flavour you liked so much last time.

As for food value... it is rich in Vitamins A, B, D, calcium, proteins and the milk minerals. Whichever way you serve Kraft Cheese, it is a delicious, nourishing food.



1931

Florence's sacrifices are too strong a tie on Mary. Mary tops her State again in her Leaving Certificate with three first-class honours. She wins a University Scholarship... studies science... wins the University Gold Medal, and becomes not only a Bachelor of Science, but Doctor of Science as well. Florence Livingstone has won...



1941

Mary becomes a lecturer at the University, wins a scholarship, and goes to Europe to study. She returns in 1938, but cannot settle down to research work. She feels now that she should have been a doctor. She takes up her studies again and gets her M.D. degree.



TO-DAY

Mary is thirty-four years of age. She has built up a good practice in the suburbs. Although a success in the eyes of the world, she is not a really happy woman. She has fulfilled her obligations to her mother, and, although she loves and finds consolation in her work, she misses the

life of a happily married woman with a family. Mary, who was born to be a mother, is a mother to other people's children.

But, Mary is only thirty-four... and her new life is before her. It is a thrilling, wonderful life that YOU can share. You'll meet Mary Livingstone, M.D., every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, on the following stations:

Listen also to "Forever Young" every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, on stations:

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N.S.W. 2UW at 11.30 a.m.; 2GZ-KA-WL at 9.30 a.m.; 2KO at 10.45 a.m. VIC. 3DB-LK, 9.30 a.m.; 3BO at 10.15 a.m. Q'LAND. 4BK-AP at 10.15 a.m.; 4RO at 9.15 a.m.; 4TO at 9.45 a.m. S.A. 5AD-MU-PI-SE at 9.30 a.m. W.A. 6IX-WB-MD at 10.30 a.m. TAS. 7HT at 9.45 a.m.; 7EX at 9.45 a.m.

Paris Dress Shows — hats lower, skirts longer

Autumn collections introduce new and lovely silhouette

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON from Paris

Daytime skirts two inches longer, hats back to almost normal height, Victory-V neckline, dolman and magyar sleeves, pencil-slim skirts with a side drape—these are the highlights of the autumn showings in Paris.

Gone are all the flamboyant styles the French houses designed to flaunt fashion in the face of the Germans.

FULL skirts are out and high hats are gone for ever, we hope. With world markets waiting and everyone anxious for even a hint of what fashion is going to do with waists, hips, and shoulders, Paris houses have evolved a collection of clothes that is breathtaking in loveliness—subtle as Paris itself.

Full lines have changed to slim, figure-hugging, svelte silhouettes that are draped elegantly, swathed seductively, and have charm in every fold.

Shoulders are rounder, softer, more feminine, and sleeves in a variety of styles are capricious and eye-catching.

Skirts have come down to at least two inches below the knee, and hats are down to nearly normal, though all still fit well back—finishing at the nape of the neck.

Lelong, president of the Chambre de Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne, has defined the new line, and everyone has followed suit.

This is the pencil-slim side-draped afternoon dress, and the straight-skirted costume with long jacket nipped in to emphasise the neatest waist.

His shoulders are soft and often dropped. Dolman sleeves, tight at the elbow, are used a great deal.

Colors are bright-greens and mauves, bright reds.

Linings are of utmost importance in topcoats.

One had fur lining and introduced the new wrapover front, which had a neat band of fur running from neck to hem. These cross-over fronts are held under the arm with envelope bags.

Winterhalter gowns and Marie Antoinette frocks are the most popular evening wear, depending on stiff silks and hoops for effects. There is little trimming on these picture frocks.

Some have full skirts, small waists, wide shawl collars, round, low necklines.

On slim frocks there is a wealth of embroidery. Sequins are used lavishly by Worth, Paquin, Schiaparelli, and Maggy Rouff.

A dressy dinner frock is still the most important item in the fashionable woman's wardrobe for evening wear, and it is still just over the knees, with plenty of detailed embroidery round the shoulders and yoke.

The big news, apart from the lengthening of skirts and new slim figure-revealing line, is the Victory-V neckline, which lends itself admirably to crossover draped bodices.

V shoulders have replaced the squared padded line, and there is a general softening-up of shoulders and armholes in all Parisian models.

All bodices are so draped that they emphasise the bustline, and this figure-revealing style continues to swathe the torso and mould the hips.

Skirts are so tight they leave little room for walking. For evenings, many are split to the knee. Question is being asked in salons, "Is the hobbler skirt coming back?"

Lelong's collection, which is far and away the best, has some new novelties such as a crocheted umbrella cover matching a lace collar, and a velvet umbrella cover matching a jewelled velvet blouse.

I liked particularly his new, wide armhole and his magyar sleeve on a black afternoon dress.

Lelong swathed the waist with a



DOLMAN SLEEVES, softly rounded shoulders replace the square, padded shoulder-line. Drawing by Rene.

wide ash in self material, and puts half-peplums on a side-draped skirt. One frock in the new "grege"—a greyish beige color which is most flattering—had a crossed bodice finishing in a side-stiffened bow on hips.

Another frock had a skirt draped upward in front, finishing with a bow. This upward movement moulded the hips in a Grecian manner.

The hit of his collection was a double-skirted tunic frock, perfectly plain in front, but pleated at the back, and lifted in a slight bustle movement, showing an underskirt in the same material. The front of this frock was shirtmaker, with a double-breasted, 12-button finish.

Worth's materials lent themselves beautifully to the picture frocks that might have stepped out of frames at the Louvre Gallery. The return of French art treasures has obviously influenced this oldest established Parisian dress house.

Rich embroidery

JEWELS glistered and lavish embroideries surrounded palmettes. His waists were pinched, and, like Lelong, he favored V-necklines and deep square necklines, very low in front and high at the back for evening wear.

Worth paid particular attention to shoulders, trimming them with embroidered leaves or passementerie, or sometimes with encrustations of sequins.

This trimming of shoulders and delicately cut collars, as frivolous and dainty as flower petals, was particularly attractive on afternoon frocks.

Lapels and pockets were embroidered to match shoulders. Skirts were cut slim, but jackets were long, with some fullness below the waist.

Maggy Rouff, determined to revive the crimoline, hooped her models and made them of heaviest corded silks.

Rouff's smartest afternoon frocks had bustle backs. Skirts were draped



LILLY DACHE puts red roses on the off-the-face palette brim of a shallow crowned amaranthus (dark mauve) felt, for the advance autumn collection. —New York Dress Institute photos.



SPLIT SKIRT in a slim side-draped evening frock, with an off-the-shoulder Victory-V neckline in the lace top.

from the front upwards in apron effects, finishing in enormous bustle bows at the back. Beneath these afternoon frocks were tiny, heavily boned corsets to hold the bustle.

Robert Piguet's frocks returned to a straight line. Their simplicity amounted to genius. The cut and fineness of workmanship made up for the lack of trimming.

Shoulders were unexaggerated, necklines were high, with girlish collars. Halter necklines were used effectively. Those frocks of Piguet's that did not follow the svelte silhouette were finely pleated. Front fullness was emphasised, and pockets were always placed well to the fore.

Piguet had charming dinner-frocks with short, straight skirts. These frocks had additional long skirts that tied on as one might tie an apron, making the afternoon dress into a long, full-skirted evening frock.

These dual-purpose frocks were also shown by other houses, and marked the return of evening entertaining, which has been almost impossible in a city that has been for a year of liberation without transport.

The wearer travelling by bicycle or railway leaves home in a short-

BUSTLE BOW, soft, off-the-shoulder sleeves, in rich, stiff taffeta, in one of the new evening frocks. (Right.)



SOFT CLINGING line provided with moulded folds and a one-sided drape on a slim straight skirt. Drawing by Rene.

skirted frock, but whips the long skirt round in the cloakroom before entering the drawing-room of her hostess.

Schiaparelli is back in Paris, and her collection caused quite a stir, showing again the hand of one of France's master designers.

Undoubtedly Schiaparelli's stay in New York has had an influence on her clothes, and the Americans' love of period frocks is noticeable throughout.



Tight-fitting Edwardian jackets with stiff peplums finishing in a pleat at the back are worn over dresses also showing back fullness.

She adds Gibson Girl hats and nodding ostrich feather bonnets, jet dropping from shawl collars.

Her novelty number was a wrap-over skirt with one trouser leg underneath for mounting a bicycle. The trouser finished at the knee, like a boy's knickerbocker, with a band and button. It doesn't show when walking, as the skirt wraps right over.

The stock, in stiff silk for morning and fine lace for afternoon, was featured on most of her frocks, and was a soft, becoming touch in otherwise simple ensembles.

High neckline

GRES, one of the new houses, has a collection reflecting the artistry of this extremely feminine designer. She rounded off shoulders by introducing the dropped shoulder-line.

Gres got a high bustline effect by clever cross-cross drapery, and with all her frocks there was a high draped neckline, the cowl was raised and folded many times. Draping, however, finished the waist of most of Gres' models, skirts being for the most part very plain, with just a suggestion of the side drape.

Gres uses a good deal of jersey, which lent itself admirably to her lavish use of the drape.

One evening frock in midnight-blue jersey silk was lavishly draped at the top and a flared panel in Empire-green jersey silk fell down the centre-front.

Another handsome house-gown in royal-blue jersey was split to the knee, showing red pantalettes.

All houses showed topcoats lined with fur or bright lining. Fur is so poor this winter that the French have turned bunny skins in or lined coats with heavy materials in preparation for cold winter days, when the lack of fuel will make fur a necessity, not a luxury.

Editorial

OCTOBER 27, 1945

NURSES'

MEMORIAL

THE appeal which has been launched to raise funds for a memorial to nurses who died in this war is one that should meet with generous public response.

No story of the Australian campaigns would be complete without reference to the part played by nurses.

Many have lost their lives in the service of their country. Others have endured unspeakable privations in the hands of the enemy. All have earned the universal praise and admiration of the Fighting Forces.

In the Middle East, Greece, New Guinea, and the islands, on hospital ships and flying ambulances, and—fresh and bitter in the public mind—Malaya, nurses have lived and worked and died as bravely as the men they tended.

Money raised by the appeal will go to establish a memorial in each State, according to the form decided by nurses themselves.

The nursing organisations concerned agree that the memorial should be one that will benefit all nurses, whatever their sphere.

So far two proposals have been made—one for a Nurses' Club, another for a hospital wing for sick nurses.

At the same time organisers of the appeal are urging the Commonwealth Government to establish a national memorial in the form of an Australian College of Nursing with scholarships.

Whatever form it takes, any memorial which improves the lot of nurses generally deserves public support.

MY BROTHER CAME HOME...

Normal life is coming back now that he's with us again

A few days ago my brother came home.

Home, after three and a half years as a prisoner of war in Malaya.

I had pictured a dramatic meeting; but all we said was "How are you?"

It sounds casual, conventional; but what is there to say at such a moment?

IT was not until yesterday that I heard him laugh for the first time.

My mother and I were sitting together. From the next room, where Tom and Dad were talking, there suddenly rang out a deep, rich, hearty laugh.

Tom's laugh. "My word, that's a good sound," said mother.

I recalled what Tom had said to me a little earlier.

"You never heard a man sing or laugh on the Thailand railway turn-out. It was a ghost town."

Still, he had not forgotten how to laugh.

He likes to tell a humorous story, too.

"The Nips used to kid us. They told us Townsville was bombed, Sydney too. We asked, 'What about Timbuctoo?' 'Yes, yes, that's gone.' 'And Luna Park?' 'Yes, yes, that's sunk.'"

"After that we knew how much to believe any Nip."

But it is not all laughs. Through his talk run comments revealing tragedy.

"He was lucky. He died," or, "Poor beggar, he was just unlucky not to die right away," or "A bullet got him right in the centre of the forehead. A good clean death. He was lucky. Great cove, one of my best coppers."

As cheering crowds welcomed Tom and his mates the day they arrived, they stood about bewildered.

"Isn't this wonderful? We did not expect anything like this."

And when Tom saw Sydney for the first time:

"How clean it is. It's good to see a clean city again."

Tom is a determined type. His one fixed idea on that first day home was that he did not want to sleep in camp that night. He would go A.W.L.

But even stronger than this determination was another thought.

"I'll not do anything to hold up the doctors. I must be sure it is O.K. with them. After what I have seen doctors do in Malaya, I would not want to hold them up for one minute."

Tom's first meal in his homeland was cooked by absolute strangers, fellow guests at the boarding-house where his wife had lived, waiting for this day.

As he ate the steak and eggs they had prepared, he said it was the best meal he'd ever had—but he says that every meal these days.

What he could not get over was the way these people treated him.

He could not thank them enough, and is still remarking on how good they were.

They are humble, these men who

have been through years of Nip beatings, a cholera epidemic, and constant hunger.

They are so deeply grateful for anything done for them.

And the way Tom talks about the few trivial inconveniences we have suffered here—rationing, the lack of taxis, shortage of beer. As each of these things came to his notice he commented:

"You know, you folk have had a tough time. A man had not realised that."

My brother is just like any other brother. In the old days, if he wanted a cup of tea we got him a cup of tea just when he said the word.

But that is all changed.

He was coming to visit me for afternoon tea, and arrived half an hour late.

After apologising for his delay he said:

"You've had your tea, I suppose. Don't bother making any fresh."

He had his fresh tea all right—once I recovered from the shock.

His eagerness to get behind the driving wheel of a car again showed how much he had dreamed about it.

"Good to hear him laugh"

And when it happened it was as good as the dream.

"Jove, she runs sweetly. She's a beauty. I never had a thrill anything like this when she was new."

The first thing, of course, was to get his driver's licence.

He drove a car for years before he called away that day in the Queen Mary. He had not forgotten how.

He still handled the car gently, competently. But he had to be registered.

Tom wanted to drive right away. His home town is 400 miles inland, so the local police were too far away to help.

But the police sergeant on duty at a suburban office was tops.

We told him what we wanted. It was only half an hour before the Petty Sessions Office closed at four o'clock for the day.

But the sergeant thrust all else aside, and put Tom through his driving test with several minutes to spare.

Perhaps part of his sympathetic understanding was due to the fact that he had a boy missing, and had just heard he was all right. It creates an instant bond.

The licensing clerk was eager to help, too, and at one minute to four o'clock Tom came forth, a fully licensed driver again. It made him feel good.

Yesterday Tom tried on his civilian clothes again. He was in front of that mirror for hours.

Every garment was welcomed, like an old and valued friend.

"By gosh, it is good to have plenty of room."

A MEMBER of The Australian Women's Weekly reporting staff wrote this story of how a prisoner of war, her brother, came home. His name is not Tom, but every detail is true. One sister tells how one brother came back. Her story is the story of thousands of women.

And he strode about, flinging his arms this way and that, revelling in his sports coat.

He paraded. "How do they look?" "All right, eh?"

"I had forgotten how many things I'd left behind."

He had forgotten; but loving hands had guarded his things.

The mother who had nursed him through illnesses, and cared for him so faithfully, had made up a little for her anxiety during the aching, lonely years by looking after all he had left behind.

Now she was in her glory, watching her boy's pleasure in what she had done.

That was her job while Dad kept the business going.

And now he has his reward, too; for his son wants to hear every detail, know all that has happened.

As the story unfolds, Tom grins contentedly. "That's great. It is better than I ever dreamed it would be."

There was one minor disappointment. It soon passed, and instead there was the remark:

"That does not matter. All that matters is that the Old Man is all right. A cove's lucky to come back and find him and the business both going well."

Tom was one of the soldiers who grew vegetables to eke out meagre Japanese rations.

He tells with pride of his spinach and sweet potatoes, and of how infuriating it was to be moved on from one camp to another just when his cucumbers were nearly ready to pick.

He had made a point of following faithfully what the doctors had told the prisoners about diet—what things were good, which would help the eyes, and which give greatest nourishment.

And his gardening was part of his plan to carry out the doctors' instructions.

"If they told me it was good to drink the water sweet potato leaves had been cooked in, I drank it. It tasted filthy. Especially without salt. But that didn't matter if it was good."

He had not been in his house long before he wanted to see the garden.

He was full of interest in my broad beans, spinach, onions, turnips, and parsnips.

At the moment my main interest in the garden is some new rose bushes. I dashed forward, saying with delight: "Look, I've got a rose out!"

His answer was: "What's the good of that? You can't eat roses."

Slowly normal life is coming back for us all.

But it is still hard to believe Tom is really here.

We are among the lucky ones; but none of us has forgotten to think of those who were not lucky, and our hearts ache for them.

Interesting People

MR. W. A. McLAREN

... settling servicemen on land
DIRECTOR of Commonwealth's War Service Land Settlement Scheme, Mr. W. A. McLaren,

of Sydney, has big postwar job of administering on behalf of Federal Government agreements with the States for settling servicemen on the land. Duties include deciding whether the land is suitable, economic prospects for product and settler good, amenities for settler and family satisfactory.

Says: "Scheme is very generous to the settler, and is open to all ex-servicemen, irrespective of financial position, but one of greatest problems is to select men able to make success of the undertaking."

S/O. PAT THOMAS

... tests ground for dromes
SOILS and gravels used in construction of R.A.A.F. aerodrome runways are tested by Section-Officer Pat Thomas, W.A.A.A.F. of

Sydney, only woman doing this type of work. Science graduate, Sydney University, she is in charge of laboratory in R.A.A.F. Directorate of Works and Buildings, where scientific tests are made to classify soils and ascertain their physical properties. From such information is calculated the pavement thickness required to support various types of aircraft. A Liberator needs support for a 14-ton wheel load. Most of the airmen on her staff have seen operational service with airfield construction overseas. Section-Officer Thomas also visits country aerodromes to assist in testing new runways. Before joining W.A.A.A.F. worked with Department of Main Roads, Sydney.

MR. W. BURGESS

... fisheries in India
INDIAN appointment for well-known Melbourne fishing authority, Mr. William Burgess.

Has been made assistant Director of Fisheries for Bengal Government on special recommendation of Governor of Bengal, Mr. R. G. Casey, who needed an expert to organise fishing industry to help solve food problems of the province, where sea food is more essential than meat. An original member of the A.I.F. Army Water Transport, Mr. Burgess formed First Marine Food Supply Platoon which overcame many difficulties of Army food supply in New Guinea and the Solomons.

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YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 12 to 24.
SUGAR: 11 and 12.
BUTTER: 16 to 18.
MEAT: Black, 26 to 29 (31 Nov. 18).
Red and green, 41 and 43 (31 Nov. 18).
CLOTHES: B57-112, Y1-26.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



ENGAGED. ACW Theima Johnson, W.A.A.F., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Johnson, of Earlwood, and her fiance, Sergeant Frank Wilnot, R.A.A.F., "snapped" in Hyde Park. Theima and Frank hope to marry at the beginning of next year.



DINING AT ROMANO'S. Third-Officer Wilfrid Dickson, M.N., dines with Second-Officer Margaret Vaile, R.A.N., Naval Information Officer, when he arrives in Sydney.



WELCOME HOME PARTY. Kathleen Robinson welcomes home her co-director of Whitehall Productions, Roland Wallan, and her old friend, John Wood, who has just returned from being P.O.W. in Malaya. Party was held on stage after performance of "Lone in Idleness."



GUARD OF HONOR for Sub-Lieutenant Geoffrey Hood, R.A.N.V.R., and bride, formerly Rae Anthony, as they leave St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Rae is only daughter of Mr. H. L. Anthony, M.H.R., of Murrumbidgee, and late Mrs. Anthony.

People and PARTIES

STILL the boys arrive back home, and I no longer need an alarm clock to awaken me from my slumbers as the cock-a-doodle-do's on the harbor sound their joyous note of welcome when ships bringing P.O.W.s and long-service men nose into "our harbor."

Red Cross is, as usual, always on the job, and Red Cross P.O.W. Centre at MacDonell House, Pitt Street, is a haven for members of 8th Divvy when they want information, or just a place to sit quietly and have a cup of tea and snack when visiting the city.

Centre is where the old British Centre was first housed in Sydney, and it's a change to see our long-legged Aussies sitting round the comfortable rooms instead of nuggety Englishmen.

"You know, these family reunions almost scare a fellow," said one ex-P.O.W. "I just slipped in here to have a yarn to some of my coppers," he added. A mere stranger, by the way, would be rather at sea listening in to the conversations, as they consist of pure 8th Divvy colloquialisms.

CAPTAIN of the Warramunga—Nobby Clark—and his attractive wife, Rosemary, are off to Melbourne for a three weeks' jaunt.

DATE FOR YOUR DIARY: Concert at Town Hall this Tuesday in aid of Anti-T.B. \$50,000 Appeal. Host of stars, including Marie Bremner, John Pullard, Terry Howard, Dick Bentley, Alan Coad, and Peggy Brooks will contribute to programme.



DINING AT PRINCE'S. Squadron-Leader Philip Ashton, R.A.A.F., doesn't mind to take his wife, Morris, to dine when he comes to Sydney for few days' leave. Phil is one of the Ashton polo-playing brothers—well-known sportsmen before the war.



CHEERS FOR THEIR GENERAL. Members of Eighth Division crowd round Lieut-General Gordon Bennett when he officially opens Eighth Division Rest Centre, 21 Macquarie Place. Mrs. Bennett (right); Mrs. A. Asheton, president of Eighth Division Auxiliary (centre).



ROYAL NAVAL WEDDING. Lieut. (A) Peter Morris, R.N.V.R., and bride, formerly Wendy Wischer, leave St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with bridesmaid Elizabeth Morhead and best man Sub-Lieut. (A) Robert Sturway, R.N.V.R.



REUNION. Captain Sandy Robertson, recently returned to Sydney after being P.O.W. at Zentsuji Camp, lunched with his attractive wife, Gwendolyn, at Prince's before they pack up for holiday at Dr. Goddard's home at Palm Beach. Sandy was with 2/10th Field Hospital at Rabaul.

HISTORIC St. John's Church, Moswellbrook, celebrates its centenary this week, and Margaret Macintyre, great-granddaughter of one of the founders of the Church, Donald Macintyre, chooses site for marriage with Squadron-Leader Geoffrey Hitchcock. Six pretty girls as attendants to bride include her three sisters, Susan, Robina, and Bridget, Annette Fielding Jones, Sally Bragg, and Olga Tomlinson. Bride's parents, Wing-Commander and Mrs. David Macintyre, invite guests to reception at old homestead, "Karyaga."

BRIGADIER and Mrs. John Playfair's dining-room table at their home at Elanora had to be stretched and stretched to accommodate 29 members of Playfair family who attended party to celebrate Peter Playfair's return from Malaya. Peter returned on the Highland Chieftain.

LOTS of friends attend party given by Mrs. T. G. Hinder, of Cooma station, Moree, and Mrs. I. G. Burge, of "Malongull," Canowindra, daughters of Mrs. M. G. Keen, in honor of her 90th birthday.

VERSATILE lass Patricia Bartlett, who has just taken on new job in physiotherapy department at St. Vincent's Hospital, is giving recital at Macquarie Auditorium this Saturday. Pat, who has lovely mezzo-soprano voice, has decided to donate proceeds to 2GB Community Chest.

ALWAYS think of flowers in connection with Mrs. J. A. Carruthers, of Canberra, so am not surprised to hear that she's decorating St. John's Church, Canberra, when Brigadier Derek Schreiber marries Viscountess Clive this Wednesday. In keeping with the Viscountess' pastel coloring, deep pink and cream will be predominating colors. Cellophane bows tied round huge bunches of lily-of-the-valley will be attached to the aisle end of each pew and communion rails, and a lily-of-the-valley horseshoe will be suspended over the door.

OYSTERS and champagne at party given by Mrs. Robert Shierlaw—formerly Rada Penfold Hyland—at family home at Toftmunks, Elizabeth Bay. Centre of attraction is Dickie Austin, who has just returned from being P.O.W. with 8th Division in Malaya.

JUST back from Tokio on his ship, Fort Wrangell, Engineer-Officer Ralph Bristow, M.N., from Hastings, England, marries Ethel Boland at St. Anne's Church, Strathfield. Ethel is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Boland, of Strathfield.

FUTURE home in Adelaide for Flight-Lieutenant Charles Hargrave, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Betty Barron, who were married at Manly Presbyterian Church. Betty is younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Barron, of Manly.

joyce

"How do I look, Mum?"

Back in civies! It's the moment he's waited years for. And now, any day, YOUR man will be home to enjoy with his own folks, the victorious Peace he helped to win.

It's going to call for a lot of money to repatriate all our Service personnel. THEY'VE won the war—but OUR job's not yet done. And it won't be done until every man and

woman of the Services is back home again; until every released P.O.W. is restored to his family; and all the sick and wounded in hospitals are made well. This is why you MUST lend your money to the Fourth Victory Loan.

This is our Victory obligation. This, for us, is the only practical way of saying "Thank you" to a hero.

FACTS ABOUT THE FOURTH VICTORY LOAN.

1. All you lend will be used only for War and Repatriation. Bonds for £10, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000 or Inscribed Stock may be purchased for cash or by instalments through any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office or Stockbroker.

2. Interest is payable each six months, at 2½ per cent. p.a. for five years or 3½ per cent. p.a. for 16 years. Repayment in full at maturity is guaranteed by the Commonwealth. Your Bonds are readily saleable to meet an emergency.

3. You lend, not give, your money. On your application form, credit your subscription to your district to help its quota.

YOUR MONEY IS
NEEDED IN THE

FOURTH



VICTORY LOAN

Let's finish the job!



As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

IMPORTANT changes in planetary positions at this time bring equally important changes in the lives of many people.

Things ease considerably for most Arians, Cancerians, and Capricornians now, but slide into confusion and depression for most Taurians, Aquarians, and Leonians.

All these people will benefit by living cautiously and agreeably along routine lines.

For Scorpions, Cancerians, and Pisceans there are big improvements. Many Virgoans and Capricornians gain, too.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Less confusion now, but avoid rashness. Oct. 24 (to 5 p.m.), 28 (from 1 to 4 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m. only), and 29 (to 10 a.m.) quite helpful.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Beware pitfalls, losses, adverse changes, opposition, discord, partings. Especially Oct. 24 (after 4 p.m.), 25 (to dusk), 26, 27, and 28. Routine work strongly advised.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Oct. 23 and 24 (to 5 p.m.) quite helpful. Finalize outstanding projects. Thwarted routine tasks best. Especially Oct. 25 to 28, and late 29.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Recent difficulties recede and may be replaced by good fortune now. Be confident, seek progress, gains. Tillie Oct. 21 (cautiously), 24 (to 5 p.m. only), 28 (after dusk), 27 (to noon), 28 (from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. at 7 to 9 p.m.), 29 (to 10 a.m.) and 30 (evening).

LEO (July 21 to Aug. 21): A week for keen caution, patience, wisdom. Oct. 23 (after 3 p.m.), 25 (to dusk), 26, 27, and 28 all very confusing. Oct. 29 and 30 poor. Routine tasks strongly advised. Avoid changes, losses, discord.

VIRGO (Aug. 21 to Sept. 21): A quiet mod. of life is wisest now. Oct. 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, and 29 (from 4 to 7 p.m.) variable.

LIBRA (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): Oct. 23 (until 5 p.m.) and Oct. 24 very helpful. Overcome all important. Oct. 25 (to 10 a.m.) good. Oct. 28 fair (from 1 to 4 p.m.) and 7 to 9 p.m.).

SCORPIO (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Seek desired goals, promotions, gains, and changes now, but not rashly. Oct. 24 (to 5 p.m.), 25 (from noon to dusk), 26 (to 10 a.m.), 27 fair (to midday), 28, 29, and 30 poor.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): Oct. 23 (from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.) fair. Oct. 29 very fair (to forenoon). Rest of week poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): Affairs improve somewhat now. But continue caution between late Oct. 24 and late Oct. 25. Oct. 23 seems good, but tricky. Oct. 30 (evening) quite good.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19): Annoyances, disruption, difficulties prevail now, as he cautions. Especially Oct. 24 (after 5 p.m.) and to noon on Oct. 26.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): This particular week is not very helpful, but there are some good weeks ahead, as plan well. Meanwhile, Oct. 23 good (to 2 p.m.), Oct. 25 (after 5 p.m.), and Oct. 27 (early morning) quite pleasing.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

NOBLESSE OBLIGE, THEY SAY

By JOAN QUIRK

HONI soit qui mal y pense
Has always made to me no sense.
And when someone says, "Entre nous,"

I really don't know what to do.
I've coped with blase and naive,
With pauvre and nous, but I would

grin.
If someone trotted out bete noire—
which isn't in my repertoire,
But that is nothing to the art

Required when dining a la carte.
Pêche Meuble things au gratin, too,
Are for the esoteric few.

Who also with a nice aplomb
Say things like bon mot and au fond,
Who finish with café au lait,

And with menage are quite au fait.
I think that there should be a law
To extirpate esprit de corps.

And that it would be very meet
If it were left to the elite
To hear bourgeoisie and au revoir,

De luxe, décollete, bon soir—
Instead of saying them at me
With negligee and eau de vie,

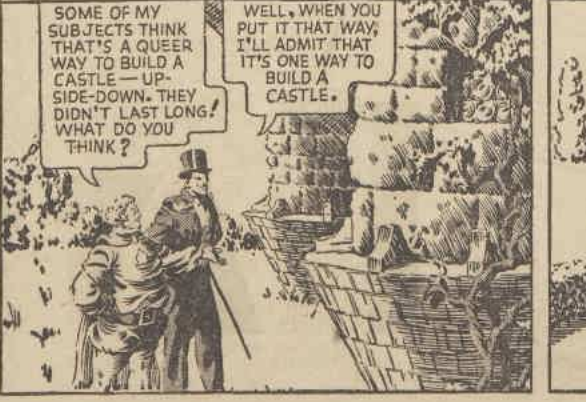
But all this is a bagatelle—
I wish la langue française to—



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are visiting the land of Dementor, where there are some very curious customs. They see huntsmen setting out on their horses, riding backwards, and instead of hunting a fox their quarry is a man. The bloodhounds are about to kill him. Mandrake gestures and makes a cat appear.

The dogs go off on this fresh scent, and the man rushes up and tells Mandrake that **PRINCE PAULO:** Ruler of Dementor, uses this method of getting rid of his enemies. Prince Paulo demands to know why Mandrake has dared to stop his hunt. Mandrake gestures, and the Prince finds himself descending from his horse. **NOW READ ON:**



Kayser
of course



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----- in three delightful shades

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shade for
summer
frothing.

SHADOW

a subtle, smoky
shading
especially
smart for
Navy and Black.

SALUTE
Rose-beige
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all-purpose
shade.

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KAYSER

Edwin Takes Over

Continued from page 3

MISS GORDON hesitated. "I suppose that will have to do," she agreed. "We usually—well, do the best you can. That man in Forty-nine is driving me crazy."

She took down a thermometer and Edwin took it in his other hand.

"See here," he said, "you look all in. Why don't you let that fellow in Forty-nine stew in his own juice for a while. Or let me go in. I'll shut him up."

She looked at him then for the first time, but the light was still reflected on his spectacles, and he had no hand free with which to remove them. Also he felt that to remove them would remind her of anything. Certainly not of anything sentimental, since there came a call at that moment from the ward.

Miss Gordon heard it. Moreover, she acted. She moved into the ward with authority. "Listen to me, boys," she said. "You aren't going to ride Mr. Norwood to-night. He's a busy man. If he's kind enough to give up his sleep to look after you, you'll behave decently, or I'll know the reason why."

Edwin was filled with admiration as she went away. He even had a brief moment when he saw her stand up to his mother, and wondered what would happen. He also wondered what would happen if he did such a thing himself.

Then, thermometer in hand, he went back to Judson's bed. But taking his temperature was not the simple matter he had imagined. For one thing, Judson's mouth was wide open, and he was snoring vociferously. When he finally managed to get the glass tube under Judson's tongue and held his jaw up, the temperature it registered was 92 degrees. He thought this a trifle low, but otherwise the patient looked normal enough.

But by then Judson had roused somewhat. He sat up and looked round him, his eyes wild. "A hospital!" he said. "Look I've got to get out of here. Where are my clothes?"

He stuck two long and muscular legs out of bed and started to get up. But Edwin was muscular, too. In the struggle which followed, with the ward cheering, he got the legs back into bed and the Judson head back on the pillow.

"Now look here," he said sternly. "don't try that again. I'm responsible for keeping you here, and I'd hate to knock you out to do it."

"You're not allowed to hit patients," somebody piped up. Edwin, however, had had a taste of power. He moved in the direction of the voice.

"Oh, no?" he said. "Well, keep on trying, and see."

He felt better after that, more of a man and less of a mouse.

At eleven o'clock he went outside the door and sat down on a chair

there. What he wanted was a cigarette, but he supposed it was against the rules. . . . Before he realised it he was sound asleep in his chair. He roused with a jerk. The ward was in an uproar.

What had happened was that Judson had escaped down the fire-escape in his hospital nightshirt.

"About two minutes ago," somebody yelled.

Edwin ran to the window. The grounds were dark, but somewhere below he saw a blob of white. It did not seem to be moving. Very probably P.P.C. Judson had realised that he could not go far, clad as he was. But Edwin's duty was plain. He crawled out on the fire-escape and ran down the steps.

And here, after ten years, his football knee betrayed him. At the top of the last flight he fell, rolled to the bottom, and passed out of the picture.

A few minutes later he came to. He looked round him dizzily. He was lying in some shrubbery not far from the hospital, and someone with a flashlight was on the way toward him. Not until he tried to get up did he realise his situation.

His clothing was gone—the slacks, the sports coat, even his shoes and socks. To be quite frank, all that Edwin wore at the moment was a hospital shirt, tied at the neck with tapes, and, well, completely inadequate. He stared at himself in horror. His entire impulse was flight—immediate and rapid flight. Especially as he could hear Miss Gordon's worried voice.

"He can't have gone far," she was saying. "He had only that hospital shirt on. Maybe he's hiding in those bushes."

As if he had been shot out of a gun Edwin abandoned that spot, only to emerge on a lighted street, and to confront a woman who immediately began to shriek. But now at last his brain began to function. His car was in the drive. He had only to circle his pursuers and get into it.

Well, he thought desperately, at least he could get into it.

He reached it, gasping to get his breath. Then the incredible happened. The motor roared and the car jerked forward, leaving Edwin sitting on the drive.

Edwin was possessed by a wild fury. Abandoning all caution he ran after it, shouting uselessly.

He was still running and still shouting when he ran into the calm arms of Murphy, the policeman. And Murphy was a strong man. He held Edwin in one arm and used the other to blow a whistle. "All right, my lad," he said to him. "Just stay quiet and there's no trouble."

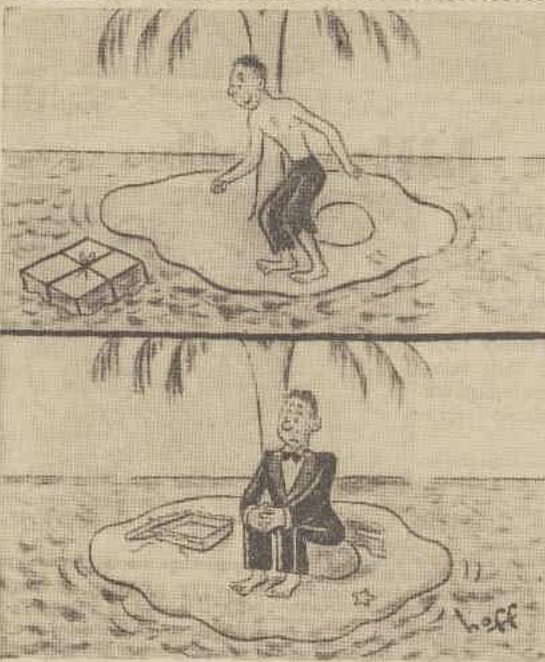
"Listen, Murphy—" "Soldier or no soldier," Murphy said reproachfully, "this is no way

to act. I get you all tucked up in a nice bed, and then you get to beat it. No clothes, either, the more shame to you."

Edwin made another effort. "Look, Murphy," he said. "You've got me all wrong. I'm not Judson. When I went down the fire-escape I happened to fall, so—"

"So we're waiting for a stretcher," said Murphy comfortably. "I'm taking no more chances with that head of yours. Here they come. Upstairs."

With the blanket of the stretcher



over him Edwin began to feel better. At least he felt decently covered. But he realised the dilemma he was in. Nobody had noticed the Judson man particularly. Certainly the little nurse had not. For the moment he was Judson, so far as the hospital was concerned.

However, the motion of the stretcher was soothing. His feet still hurt, and his head was aching, and so he began to think with some pleasure of Judson's bed, of Judson's ice-bag, and of Judson's nurse look-

ing after him. But he had not counted on the iron-faced doctor, or the fact that he would be tied to his bed with a contraption of heavy canvas and leather straps.

Edwin said nothing. Nobody believed him when he talked, anyhow, and the sedative they gave him was beginning to take effect.

It was bright daylight when he awakened to the clatter of wash-basins and a general routing of the ward. Miss Gordon was coming toward him.

"I have to wash you for your breakfast," she said. "Even if you did act like a crazy man last night."

THAT was Edwin's time, of course. He should have sat up in bed and called her. He should have gone home like a dutiful son and put on a morning coat and gone to the Woodley wedding. Only he hated weddings, and he no longer felt like a dutiful son. He wanted to see Kitty again. If the only way to see her was to stay where he was—

The balance of the day passed comfortably. Edwin was having the rest of many months. And at eight o'clock Kitty appeared.

He sat up and addressed her. "Sorry to bother you, Miss Gordon," he said, "but how can I manage to get a pair of pants?"

She surveyed him coldly. "Pants?" she said, lifting her eyebrows. "Now listen here," she began violently.

But she moved away, leaving him, so to speak, pantless and inarticulate with rage.

It was nine o'clock when in sheer panic he sat up in bed, and then lay down again and pulled the ice-bag over his face. George Woodley was in the doorway, talking to the doctor in his usual loud and hearty voice.

"Yes," he said. "Got it over all right. Pretty nearly didn't, at that. Some of his pals gave the boy a dinner last night in town, and on the way out he was knocked out and robbed."

Edwin raised his head cautiously. A sudden light was dawning on him. "Robbed?" said the doctor.

"That's it. What's more, they took his uniform. Had the decency of a time getting him one to be married in. I wish you'd seen the outfit he showed up in last night. Borrowed it from somebody."

Well, maybe borrowing was the word for it, after all, Edwin reflected, ducking down again. Young Judson was a quick thinker. And the way he'd got off with that car—

Luckily for Edwin, George took his duties lightly. He did not come near him, and at midnight he disappeared entirely. Edwin supposed he was eating his supper, and he put a cautious leg out of the bed. With infinite care he took the blanket from his bed and draped it about him, and alighted barefooted out into the hall.

The nurse was moving along the hall, her back to him. She walked tiredly, and he saw that Forty-nine's light was on again. When she reappeared he was sitting beside her desk, the blanket carefully draped about him, and smoking a cigarette he had found in a drawer.

She seemed quite unable to speak. She did, of course. "I suppose we'll have to put that scratchy jacket on you again, Judson," she said.

Edwin grinned. "My dear girl," he said, "I'm not Judson. I'm the man who took George Woodley's place last night."

"You're doing fine," she said. "Go on. I haven't much time."

"I'm going on. But before we make further arrangements I have to tell you something. I've got a football knee, after all."

She eyed him. There must have been truth in his face, for she began to look rather stricken. "Then all this time—" she said.

"Yes," said Edwin. "I guess I needed a rest, anyhow. About this knee—"

But she was not listening. "What do you mean by further arrangements?" she asked.

"That's what I'm here to tell you," said Edwin.

He had no time to tell her, however. George Woodley was coming along the hall.

When he saw Edwin his eyes popped out.

"Norwood!" he said. "What's happened to you?"

"You might ask your new son-in-law," Edwin said cheerfully. "And you might call up your house and get back the clothes he stole from me here last night. I need a pair of pants."

He took a final hitch of the blanket and looked at Kitty.

"In the meantime, George," he said, "you'd better go back to your ward. I have a little business with Miss Gordon here. That is, unless she's bent on nursing the rest of her life."

He looked down at her. She was smiling, and she looked gentle. "Not necessarily," she said demurely.

(Copyright)

JOAN'S eyes lit.

"That's splendid, darling!" she exclaimed, pleased, but conceding him the proprietorship, the responsibility, and the success.

And so he had to go on tending them, watering them twice a day out of the pale blue can. One day when the sun was at its zenith she called to him. "Aren't you going to move them out of the sun, Wally? Wouldn't they be better in your shade during the heat of the day?" That meant he had to strain to lift the box from his left side, over his body, to place it on the low table at his right, where they rested in the shadow of his chair.

That night she suggested that as there was a frosty feel in the wind it might be better to cover them. She brought him a piece of heather, and he put them to bed for the night.

The specks of green grew minutely bigger. The buzzing of the bees lulled the man to sleep one lazy afternoon, and when he awoke the honeyeater was on the seed-box, pecking. In a sudden rush of anger he drove it off. . . . looked over the rows carefully. Funny, there was one speck at least four times as big as the others. Aggressive it looked. Funny. . . . what did it remind him of? Of course! The sar-major! Sar-Major Blake, the worst rounckneck and the grabeast man in the company. He had always looked like the big green

Little Green Specks

Continued from page 4

speck, a little over life-size, a little out of setting. Old Blake! Good old Blake. A colossus of a man, a rock, a masterpiece.

An unaccounted grin creased his face as he looked at the big green speck. "Howdee, Sar-Maj! Never thought I'd see you again after Kokoda." Blake had got his on the trail. And again he slept, and the faintest relic of that grin lingered on his lips. The honeyeater crept cheekily back to the box.

And he watered them twice a day, and the Sar-Major maintained his lead. Surprisingly he told Joan. "That fellow there, Joan. I call him the Sar-Major. Just as aggressive and upstanding and commanding as old man Blake." Joan laughed lightly, patted his hand, and then crept into her bedroom to fling herself down in a passion of grateful tears and prayer, but she was calm and gentle when she went out to wheel him in.

The November lilies had burst their shrouds and gleamed stilly in the bud. The Sar-Major and his company were still coiled down in tight little pothooks, locked green pothooks in rows. "In review order," he chuckled, "but get your heads up, men. Get your heads up. Am I in command of a bunch of rookies?" He stiffened suddenly. The Sar-

Major! The Sar-Major was moving! Slowly, deliberately, the Sar-Major uncoiled himself in a march of sacred moments, and stood erect. The man held his breath to watch the miracle.

Joan stood at the kitchen table preparing a tray. A roar smote her ears. A deep, masculine, demanding roar. "Joan! Joan! Come here!" Peremptory it was, peremptory, possessive, vigorous, the voice of a full man, the voice of her dead husband. She shook with fearful excitement. Again it came. "Joan! Quickly!"

"What is it, darling?" "Come here. Look! The Sar-Major, right in front of my eyes, he became a real plain, the supercilious beggar. The most moving, primal thing I've ever seen. A miracle!" He dragged his eyes away from the Sar-Major and flashed a quick glance at her face, then flushed, abashed.

An old fear rushed back. "Joan," he said in a voice which held a note of panic, "do you think I'm mad?"

Joan smiled, a smile which dismissed the last remark as unworthy of answer, but her eyes were suffused with tears. "Oh, my dearest dear. . . . you have seen a miracle, and so have I. . . . and so have I!"

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M.C. WINNER Capt. Victor Brand, of Melbourne, with Mrs. E. McLean.



REUNION. Pte. W. J. Vine, of Brisbane, was greeted by his wife.



PICNIC PARTY. A crowd of relatives and friends went to Ingleburn to meet L/Cpl. A. E. Morrison (third from left in front row), who returned to Australia in the Largs Bay.

While the billy boils . . . picnic welcomes

P.O.W.s meet families under the gum trees

By BETTY DAWSON

I spent a wonderful day among 1000 returned prisoners of war and their relatives at Ingleburn. The carefree atmosphere recalled prewar country picnic race meetings.

The tense, emotional scenes we have witnessed at earlier reunions at wharf and hospital were missing.

ANXIOUS relatives who had expected their men to come home looking worn and sick had been reassured by photographs of earlier arrivals whose health had benefited by good diet and a sea trip.

More than 5000 people arrived by car or bus in the early hours of the morning, and were soon scattered in groups on the hillside under the spreading gum trees.

Elderly people and children remained on the picnic claim they had staked early in the morning, while the rest of the family lined the road-way waiting for the buses to arrive.

On our way to Ingleburn I gathered some idea of the work in store for us when Miss Susan Spencer, honorary organiser of V.A.D., picked up 100 double loaves of bread and a case of eggs for sandwiches, which we piled high in the back seat. Then we called at a dairy on the way to order three large cans of milk.

When we arrived, the camp was already a hive of activity.

Coppers at the back of the huts were boiling merrily, and the smell of gum-leaves made one think of the good days out in the country before the petrol restrictions.

Buses and ambulances brought the men to their family reunions over the dusty tracks on which many of them had broken in their first pair of Army boots on many a weary training march.

Early in the afternoon the scramble was over, and few were left

in the huts. The families had scattered again among the trees.

Walking from hut to hut, I watched the little groups. Things had rapidly reached normal.

Japanese notes and coins had been returned to soldiers' pockets, and starvation and torture trials were temporarily forgotten.

"There was happy chatter about doings in the family circle and what had become of old friends."

Children ran round with ice-creams and bottles of fizzy drinks. The man with the camera had the busiest time of his life. Everyone wanted a memento of the day.

Sweethearts clung together to face the camera with an entranced smile, the girl-friend adding a highlight to the occasion by donning the boy-friend's battered Digger hat.

Family groups lined up complete with flags bought for the occasion, the children proudly clutching the Japanese sword souvenir by the hilt.

The day brought back memories for Miss M. Bolger, known to the other workers as "Camp Follower."

Miss Bolger, a member of Glenfield Red Cross, had washed up and wiped tirelessly for three days. She did the same service in the last war.

The men were very thrilled when Brigadier F. G. Galleghan, Commander at Changi since 1942, left his family and made a round of the huts, chatted with the men and their relatives.

Capt. Bill Scollin, of Adelaide, whose fair hair was bleached with

FOOD FOR 5000 next-of-kin was prepared for one day at Ingleburn, N.S.W., by Voluntary Aids.

BETTY DAWSON, of The Australian Women's Weekly staff, spent a day as a voluntary helper at Ingleburn camp, through which thousands of returning prisoners of war have passed daily in the last week.

The scene she describes is typical of the day that has been a red-letter day for thousands of families at dispersal centres in every State.

the tropical sun, said that one of the things that excited the men more than anything else was the sight of the healthy-looking youngsters.

"It will be good to be home again," he said. He wouldn't be such a stranger, he added, as he had caught up with a lot of the local gossip from Sister Bridget Cooper and Frew Bonnin, a medical officer, of Adelaide, who are at 2/14th A.G.H., Singapore.

The voluntary workers were under the leadership of Mrs. Una McCracken, of Ingleburn V.A.D. unit.

Nine V.A.s from various detachments went into residence at Ingleburn some days before the big influx of arrivals began, to familiarise themselves with Army routine.

Every day, 30 voluntary helpers from various organisations worked under the direction of the V.A.s.

The provisions consumed on this day give some idea of the number of people gathered at the camp every day in the week.

Here is Mrs. McCracken's list: 300 loaves of bread, 100lb. of butter, 50 gallons of milk, 20lb. of tomatoes, 1 ham, 2 dozen lemons, 18lb. of tea, 70lb. of sugar, 20lb. of cheese, 20 dozen eggs, and 48 bottles of cordial.

"Our day isn't over yet," said Mrs. McCracken, when nearly all the families had gone.

"When we finish clearing up the hut we have another visit from the boys."

"They love to drop in for a sing-song round the piano. We sit down and sew on chevrons and buttons, and the boys talk and talk, and we make some more tea."

UNEXPECTED welcome for "Bruiser" Collins, of Charleville, Qld., when his sister, Mrs. A. Scheik, of Kentucky, N.S.W., met him in Sydney.

WITH correspondence limited to a few words on a printed card for three and a half years, returning prisoners had great difficulty in phrasing home-coming telegrams to their people.

This is what one man telegraphed home:

"Hello, darling. Guess who's free? It's me."

ONE limbless man has christened the artificial leg made for him in Changi, "Betsy Ann." "It's good camouflage, too," he said.

In his cabin in a hospital ship his mates unstrapped "Betsy Ann" for him and he demonstrated the camouflage.

He upended the artificial leg, and two bottles of beer slid out.

SIDELIGHTS on Hainan prisoner-of-war menus, from men of the 2/1st Battalion, 8th Division:

"Wood grubs taste like omelettes . . . The camp was completely cleared of rats by the time we left."

"We've had more than 4000 meals of straight rice in three and a half years . . . In one week our meagre rice diet was supplemented by an extra ton of rice—stolen from the Jap store by ten men, who carried it into the camp in their packs."

"Grilled snakes are quite good if they're medium done . . ."

Some of the boys were billeted in a luxurious apartment when they reached Hongkong after being rescued.

Their greatest pleasure was seeing Jap working parties being marched past their windows every day by Allied captors.

WHILE Earle and Bob Sully, of Griffith, who went through the three and a half years together, waited for their parents, they were having a great chin-wag with Pte. Bernard Bates, of Paddington, who was willing to greet his father, Sgt. T. S. Bates.

Bernard said: "We don't know how Dad will look now. He was pretty skinny when he went away. This is his second war. He went off to the last war when he was 16."

FOR 58 P.O.W.s and the crew of H.M.A.S. Quiberon, happiness of their return was marred by the fact that three unofficial passengers had to be destroyed the day before.

They were three kittens which the prisoners and crew had secretly cared for during the voyage.

"The kittens' mother died on the day of their birth in our camp at Manila just before we left for Australia," said Corporal Max McCabe, of Wagga, N.S.W., cousin of cricketer Stan.

"We raised them by feeding them milk through eye-droppers."

"We were all pretty attached to them, and were heart-broken to learn just before reaching Sydney Harbor that we wouldn't be able to land them in Australia with us."

WHEN "Bruiser" Collins, of Charleville, Qld., arrived in Sydney he did not expect any relatives to meet him, for his mother died while he was in Singapore.

However, he was excited when his sister, Mrs. A. Scheik, of Kentucky, N.S.W., came to Ingleburn to meet him. Her husband is with the Army at Bougainville, and during his absence she has lived with her in-laws at Kentucky.

As Kentucky has no home-coming P.O.W.s, they have adopted "Bruiser," and he is promised a welcome he will never forget.

AS the homecoming ships sailed down the coast, lighthouse-keepers winked out V signs to the men.

On an island in the Whitsunday Passage, a firebreak had been cut in V shape, and at night the embers glowed on the hillside in a huge illuminated welcome.

IF the party of Australians had been left another month on Hainan, none would have survived. This belief is held by every man who returned. Of the original party, one-third died.

Tragic evidence of what had once been a smart military band of 26 men were the 26 instruments unloaded from the Vindex.

The instruments were battered and dirty after their "imprisonment."

Only eight members of the band came home.



LUNCH for Pte. John Strahorn, of Dubbo, N.S.W., arranged by Colonel and Mrs. C. W. Thompson. From left: Colonel Thompson, Bruce Ker-david, Bill and John Strahorn, their mother, and Mrs. Thompson.

DUKE OF WINDSOR COMES HOME AGAIN



LANDING AT LE HAVRE from the Bahamas. A few days later the Duke left France to see his mother and other members of family. At Buckingham Palace he had his first reunion with the King since his abdication nine years ago. London crowds enthusiastically mobbed the Duke, shouting "Good old Teddie! Long live the Duke!" The Duke, who was Governor of Bahamas for five years, is now seeking new appointment.

Duchess renovates Paris house while husband visits England

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON from Paris

The Duke of Windsor is back at his home in Paris after a week's stay in England.

It was his first visit home in six years, and the second since his abdication from the Throne in December, 1936.

THERE were happy family reunions and enthusiastic welcomes from London crowds.

When the Duke left for France he said the Duchess would be with him on his next visit to England.

On his arrival in Paris the Duke found his wife had nearly finished the redecoration she had planned to carry out at their home in the Boulevard Suchet.

None of this work is extensive, but with that good taste and eye for detail for which the Duchess is famous she had rearranged the living rooms and salon furniture so that the best possible use could be made of their lovely antique furniture.

The Duchess' secretary told me: "The Duchess has been very busy

and welcomed the chance, during the Duke's absence, to get her home nicely rearranged against his return. "Both the Duchess and Duke love their home and spend a good deal of time there. The Duchess isn't doing very much shopping except for things for the house."

I saw a hat box going into the house in Boulevard Suchet, but the carrier said: "It's a lampshade, not a hat for the Duchess."

While in England the Duke did some sorting out of his furniture and other belongings stored in a small house on the Royal estate at Windsor.

They were furnishings removed nine years ago from Fort Belvedere. He put some of these things aside for disposal. The rest he plans to use in furnishing his new home.

These will not, however, go to the Boulevard Suchet, as his Paris

Paper exchange

FOR weeks the Duchess of Windsor has been collecting old newspapers—so that she could have the walls of the salon in her Paris house repapered.

Owing to the paper shortage in France, wallpaper manufacturers cannot supply new wallpaper until the customer hands in the same amount in old newspapers.

Now the salon walls are covered with a lovely gold-and-white paper. This is the only extensive renovation that has been carried out in the house.

House and Riviera chateau were only rented, and the leases had not much longer to run.

While in London the Duke told a friend: "The Duchess and I are actually homeless."

"That and finding a job are the two principal reasons for my coming to London."

Every detail

WHEN the Duke arrived back in Paris he and the Duchess had a good deal to talk about, for the Duke had made extensive tours of London's bomb damage, and the Duchess, who is intensely interested in Britain, and has the deepest sympathy for the British people's sufferings during the war, wanted to hear every little detail of his visits.

I am told the Duchess is delighted at the warmth of the reception given to the Duke.

She read the papers every day to see what British people were doing to welcome him.

During the Duke's stay in England he had long talks with his uncle, the Earl of Athlone, who is more than an uncle, for he is guide and Counsellor to the King and the Duke.

The Duke also conferred with the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee.

The Duke and Duchess are now enjoying the last of the autumn sunshine and doing a little garden-



BACK IN PARIS. The Duchess met the Duke at the aerodrome and drove home with him to their house in Boulevard Suchet.

—Agence France pictures.

ing in the grounds of their Paris home.

Their plans for the future are too indefinite yet to start making preparations, but they are both looking forward to the Duke's next trip to England, when he will be taking the Duchess with him.

They intend to remain in Paris only till the end of the year, when they will visit the South of France and then probably go straight to England.

About their future, the Duke said: "It's no good plunging into something, then finding there is something you could have done better."

And for this reason he and the Duchess are getting their private affairs settled first before starting in on a job of an official or semi-official nature.

I am told that with Britain most anxious to re-establish her export trade, it is likely that the Duke will go abroad as a "salesman."

He still has all the charm that captivated the world when as Prince of Wales he did a grand tour.

With the Duchess beside him the Duke may well be one of Britain's best "ambassadors" to countries whose markets will do much to rehabilitate Britain's industry.



ARRIVING AT HENDON AIRPORT, in England, the Duke was met by officials and Press representatives.



W.141.1



She promised to love, honour and cherish
BUT NOT TO scrub clothes
52 TIMES A YEAR !



Z.171.1

Maiden With Butterflies

Continued from page 5

AFTER they had kind of got used to this miracle, I performed all the others. But best they liked the ruffler. And when the old king had ruffled about a yard of yellow ribbon, he put it round his turban and it looked pretty cute. "Attahoy," he says, and everybody says, "Attahoy," and we all laughed very friendly.

Just then, on the other side of the fish fountain, a big door opened and there was the prince, our prince, I mean, and say, there he was, but what a difference.

Boy, he was something right out of All Baba and the Forty Thieves. He didn't look little now at all. He wore a tight coat like the one he loaned to me with a long, full skirt to the knees and slippers with silver embroidery and light pants, wrapped on tight, with a little clothes brush in the front with a clip to hold it. Diamonds it looked, and a light collar to the coat, buttoned up high at the neck.

"Don't he look beautiful?" says Aunt Mary. "He's like a child's dream of an Indian prince," she says, "those big eyes."

Well, it seems there was four more other visiting kings in the palace and they came to the banquet all done up in silks, too. The prince and me stood together on the top step. Everybody kind of bowed to everybody else, and the king took my one hand and the prince the other, and the two other kings took Aunt Mary, and in we went to get dinner and I was starving.

It's no use trying to tell you all about it. If you've ever seen an Oriental movie it's just like that only more so. When the eating was over, the prince stood up and clapped his hands, and it got quiet. And the doors opened, and there was the two boys that always waited on him.

They come in all in white, carrying a blue velvet pillow between them with, on it, what looked like a cube of ice with an electric light in it. And the old king took it and I knew it was the special piece he had bought, and it got passed round by the boys.

Well, I thought it must be about over. But no, the king stood up and clapped his hands and a lot of slaves come in with presents for everybody, specially me, and I perked right up.

Each of the king's sons got up and went over to the slaves and took something for me. The oldest one, that had a big black beard parted in the middle, come first, and he put a string of pearls round my neck. Then each one did the same thing, till I had fourteen strings.

Then the king gave me a thing for round my ankle with green sets in it, and I said thank you to everybody, and Aunt Mary and I said good-night and walked out of the room very dignified.

In bed I could hear the party going on louder. I could hear the noise even in my dreams, and then it was time to get up and go to India.

When we went to where the plane was, standing there ready to fly, all the Soodans for miles round came to see us do it.

Mr. Bosco was there watching the sweets load the gold that the prince had gotten for the ice cube, and some men with long rifles was standing round.

We were waiting for the king and his sons to come to say good-bye, and pretty soon all of the boys came galloping up on their horses except the oldest, the one with the black beard.

"That's a lot of gold there," I says. "All this and what he got for the stuff in America. What's his brother going to do with so much?"

"You keep secret?" says Mr. Bosco. "You no tell Aunt Mary?" he says.

"No," I says.

"You going to be princess, I tell you. Big brother," he said, "want much money. Little brother go get it. Big brother he love Japanese very much because Japanese got very much money. Big brother got big State, much flat land, very nice, no jungle. Japanese he like flat land very much, make nice for war."

"You mean they want to fight the war right there on his State?" I says. "Who with?"

"No, no," he says, and he laughed.

"Halla Bandah come," he says. And there was the prince, standing there beside us in his regular black suit, looking little again, and kind of pitiful.

We walked toward the plane. Everything seemed to be about ready, except that the king hadn't come to say good-bye and the oldest son was still missing. Then suddenly we heard three big bangs.

It wasn't guns. It was about twenty drummers, sitting on their horses, that had rode up in a long line. It was a kind of a salute, I guess, for at that minute the king's big open job of a car come sailing up with the old king standing up in the back seat. The wind was blowing his red beard way out on each side. He stood there like something noble, and of all the things I saw in all my travels, the sight of him was the one thing I couldn't never possibly forget.

Ever since last night he must have been busy. He must have ruffled a hundred yards of ribbon on his sewing-machine, all colors, and he had it fluttering all over him everywhere.

The car stopped and everything was quiet, and the king stood there with a serious frown. Then there was a great galloping across the sand and there, riding up, was the oldest son with about twenty men on horses. And they all had smallish bags of something slung across their saddles. And he made his horse rare up, and then he stood up in the stirrups and made a long loud speech right at the prince.

I saw the four sweets and the pilot and the co-pilot all with a hand in their pocket, and we all stood still till this man got through speaking.

When he had said his say, he took a bag off the horse next to him, and threw it on the ground at the prince's feet, and it made a clinking sound. And then he'd throw down another bag and wait. And each time this son of the king threw down a bag on to the pile he'd yell out how much was in it.

Finally all the bags was off of the horses on the ground. Then the prince walked slow down the steps and stood on the ground. And the king's son got off his horse, and somebody led it away. And there they stood, facing each other.

When the prince spoke it was quiet, but firm as a rock. He said a long sentence. Then he stopped. The king's son he looked down at him and explained something back.

Of course, I couldn't understand a word, but I knew it was mighty important stuff, whatever it was.

Well, the king's son said his last word, and anybody could see and hear, too, that it was a pretty dangerous word. But the prince walked over to him and said a plain "No."

Then the men on their horses drew up their bridles and shifted their guns, and this was it, and everybody knew it.

Please turn to page 23

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"Anyone else feel the need of a little emergency ration?"

WORTH Reporting

THE other day at Woolloomooloo wharves, Sydney, we observed a British sailor carrying an attache case through the gates, followed by a noisy chorus from his shipmates.

"Rabbits," they shouted, "tuck their ears in."

A/B Larry Boys, of the Royal Naval Information Liaison Division, whose hobby is collecting derivations of naval jargon, explained to us that "rabbit" is a naval expression meaning undeclared dutiable goods or articles for personal use manufactured on board from "puiser's" materials.

The derivation dates back for many years to the time when naval ratings stationed at a certain English dockyard were permitted to shoot or trap rabbits within the confines of the yard, and carry them through the gates without question.

One day, however, an unusually suspicious dockyard policeman insisted on examining a sailor's bag of rabbits, and discovered that the carcasses had been expertly disembowelled stuffed with plug tobacco, and neatly stitched up again. Thereafter it was not allowed to take rabbits ashore.

Javanese legend

AN authentic Javanese legend tells us that when the Mohammedans came to Java 300 years ago, the son of Djogobolo, the last resisting king, tried to convert his father to the Mohammedan faith. Djogobolo fled to Bali (which is still a Hindu country), and put a curse on his son. He foretold that the Javanese people would be punished for forsaking the Hindu gods.

The punishment would be an invasion of white men from the north, a people possessing power and force. But he also prophesied a fantastic ray of hope.

"When a cart shall run without horses and light shall burn without fire," he said, "these white masters shall be vanquished by a race of yellow men who shall rule the land for the duration of one corn crop."

The yellow people shall then in their turn be driven out, and the Javanese shall become again their own masters.

Events of the next few months will prove whether the last part of the prophecy is as accurate as the first.

Mascot for museum

A KANGAROO, with a Joey in its pouch, made by Australian nurses while they were prisoners in Sumatra, is to be presented to the Australian War Museum at Canberra, says a radio message from our correspondent, Eddie Dunstan, in Singapore.

This Australian mascot was bayoneted and torn about by burlesque Japs, but like other tough diggers, it survived.

The nurses contrived to send it to Australian prisoners of war in a nearby camp.

Attached to the mascot was an Australia-shaped card, and in faded red-ink letters can be read, even to-day, the inscription: "Greetings from nurses of the 2/4. Cheerio. Will see you soon."

Present owner of the mascot is Flying-Sister Beryl Chandler, of Brisbane.

When she flew into Sumatra to bring out the nurses, she visited P.O.W. camp at Palembang, and the men presented her a treasured kangaroo to her because she was the first Australian girl they had seen for years.

HOUSING

ONCE when you heard of a flat to let

You asked the aspect and what of the view?

Was there h. and c.? (Were inclined to fret

If there wasn't a "fridge" and the rooms were few.)

Was gas included, you wanted to know,

And what of E.L.? And if there were stairs,

Then why not a lift? Was it far to go

To the trams and shops, and how were the fares?

You took the agent severely to task

If requests for repapering couldn't be met—

But now it's so simple, there's nothing to ask

As long as you've heard of a flat

TO LET.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Naval banner

ONE hundred and fifty-five vessels of the Royal Australian Navy are represented on an unusual banner made by Mr. A. Robinson, of Melbourne.

Throughout the war years Mr. Robinson has been able to collect the tallies—or capbands—which he sold in his job as naval tailor. The banner is black, silk-edged in gold, with a deep V of purple mourning at the top, on which are the names of the Australian ships lost in this war. It bears also the naval crest and four black cap ribbons.

The tallies are carefully set out and make an impressive record of R.A.N. service, each name being printed in gold wire.

It is, however, short by about fifty names of ships which have been commissioned since the Navy ceased using the namebands.

Because of the value of the gold wire Mr. Robinson has insured his banner at over £150.

Animal Antics



"Look at the loud suit on that guy!"

THINGS must have changed in the Army.

An A.I.F. soldier in camp in Queensland wrote to his wife and said that now the war was over the boys were all fighting mad to get out of the Service.

"But they're trying to keep us happy," he said. "The sergeant even brings us a cup of tea before we get out of bed in the mornings."

New crop for farmers

INSTEAD of the prewar chauffeur-gardener, Mr. D. M. Shand, of Armidale, N.S.W., expects soon to be needing a pilot-tractor-driver.

Reason is that he wants to get a small plane for travelling round Australia to interest farmers in growing soybeans.

"I can't pilot a plane," he said, "and a pilot who could also drive a tractor might be a useful fellow round my farm."

A practical farmer himself, Mr. Shand has recently returned from U.S. and Canada, where he investigated the soybean industry for the Commonwealth Department of Commerce and Agriculture.

The soybean, grown by the Chinese for 50 centuries, was imported to America in 1906, and is now the fourth major crop there.

It is valuable as a food, as stock fodder, and has thousands of by-products ranging from ice-cream to synthetic wool.

Mr. Shand is convinced that it could play a major part in Australian agriculture and industry.

It produces 48lb. of flakes and meals to the 60lb. bushel, and one gallon of oil.

The meals are valuable as stock fodder, among other things. The oil is used in the making of paint, linoleum, and printing ink.

"It can be grown on land which before was only useful for sheep," said Mr. Shand, "and actually builds the fertility of the soil."

OVERHEARD in the girls' lunch-room: "So I said to him: 'Meet me, and I'll give you back your love letters.' I would have burnt them, you know, but I thought it would do him good to see how silly they were."

Postwar barbers

THE four hundred barbers who are returning to civil life after being in the Services are finding some knotty problems.

Many of the articles they need to carry on their trade have not been procurable in Australia for the last five years, and the last shipment which arrived eighteen months ago was not sufficient to supply barbers' demands in N.S.W. alone.

"When a barber is discharged he is given £10 to buy his working kit," Mr. C. E. Woolven, of the Hair-dressers' Union, told us.

"Each man must have four razors, which cost roughly 25/- each without sales tax, three pairs of scissors, three combs, one strap, a stone to sharpen the razors, and four shaves in good quality electric clippers at £1 each plus sales tax."

"Regulations demand a white coat and men wear at least two each week. Lastly, a suitcase to hold their equipment."

It's irrelevant, but we were interested to hear from Mr. Woolven that the beard seen so much in the Navy needs no special technique of cutting. Comb and scissors are all that is required to trim it.

Nothing like the elaborate clipper work needed for the once popular "Prince Edward" beard.

Bottle blonde

AUBURN hair of Corporal Bob Vernon, of Melbourne, recently mentioned in dispatches, with A.I.F. at Bougainville, inspired a local funny-wuxxy to seek him out when he wanted a bottle of peroxide.

"To make grass (hair) all e same this fella" the would-be blond native confidentially explained, quite convinced that Bob had peroxidised his hair.

Ambidextrous

LEND-LEASE has been responsible for Australian drivers adapting themselves to driving right-hand military trucks on "keep left" roads up in the Northern Territory.

In China, however, American cars and trucks have so dominated the scene that driving on the right side of the road instead of on the left has been enforced.

Arty

THE Albright Twins open an art exhibition in New York next month with pictures carrying very odd titles.

They include: "I drew a picture in the sand and water washed it away." "Into the world there came a soul called Ida." "I walked to and fro through civilization and I talked as I walked."

They all sound like very large pictures.



30 MILLION FORD OWNERS

Ford world sales total more than 30 million vehicles. This huge production figure gives some idea of the part Ford has played in the progress and development of the world . . . it is also striking evidence of public preference for Ford products. The reputation of those products has been built on the Ford policy of value — to provide the finest vehicles at the lowest possible price.

Ford-Australia was established just over 20 years ago to serve this country's transport needs. During the war years, you have not had the vehicles you have wanted — but now it is possible to advise you with confidence to . . . **LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR FUTURE FORD**

FORD V-8 CARS . . . TRUCKS AND
UTILITIES . . . MERCURY CARS

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PREFECT 10 H.P. CARS AND
UTILITIES . . . ANGLIA 8 H.P.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD. (INC. IN VIC.) REG. OFFICE: GEELONG, VICTORIA
AND AT SYDNEY, BRISBANE, LARGS BAY (S.A.), AND NORTH FREMANTLE (W.A.)



FRED WEBBER, conductor of 2GB's male octet, "The National Singers."

New male octet for radio

For what is possibly the first time in Sydney radio programmes, Station 2GB presents an octet of male singers, in a new session called "The National Singers."

Conductor of the octet is Fred Webber, and the session is broadcast every Sunday from 7.10 p.m. to 7.25 p.m.

THE octet are not conservative in their musical selection and plan to give every type of music, ranging from the most sophisticated of modern songs, through novelty and comedy numbers, to the beloved traditional ballad.

The idea for the octet originated when the New Big Four Quartet, working with various singers and admiring the quality of their work, were sorry there could be no permanence in their association.

Then the idea of an octet was born, and members of the quartet simply collected their four favorite singers.

The octet's members are tenors Edward Smith, Freddie Witte, Webber himself, and Arthur Ward, and basses Alan Light, Neil Easton, Walter Kingsley, and Cliff O'Keefe. Albert Miller is the featured soloist, with Glen Marks and Iris Mason as accompanists.

Fred Webber and Iris Mason arrange the choral number and Gordon McKillop, who has just returned from five years' service with the R.A.A.F., is the accompanist.

Iris Mason is a talented composer in her own right, and Hal Saunders, who writes and produces "The National Singers," has written many lyrics for her compositions.

To give listeners an idea of the type of music they hear when the octet harmonise, Fred Webber gives these few examples.

From the "Broadway Melody" the octet sing that old favorite, "You Were Meant For Me," and as a coon song, "Banjo on My Knee."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day, from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Oct. 26 (from 4.30 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau Session.

FRIDAY, Oct. 26: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Rees in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Oct. 27: Goodie Rees presents Radio competitions, "Melody Fourways."

SUNDAY, Oct. 28 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, Oct. 29: Goodie Rees.
TUESDAY, Oct. 30: Goodie Rees presents "Musical Quiz."

Fashion PATTERNS

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * For box numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F2995.—Cool, bare midriff sunsuit for sun-lovers. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. wide for shorts, and 1½yds. 36in. wide for top. Pattern, 1/7.

F2996.—Sweet little frock for all day and every day. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide with ½yd. of 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2996

F2999

F2998

F2998.—Individual little day model. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide, with 1½yds. of lace. Pattern, 1/7.

F2999.—Little casual frock with a future. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Fashion Frock Service

"CARMEN"

Sweet frock for summer wear.

This smart little frock, suitable for all occasions, has been made in an excellent crepe faille sheer in delightful shades of subdued capetown-pink, pale sugar beige, pale malta-blue, navy blue, and black. Design shows a high, shaped neckline, wide extended shoulders, brief straight sleeves. Bodice is fitted with a gathered fullness over the bust; skirt is a beautifully cut panel-gored type. Trimming commences from each shoulder, continues to waistline, finishes at back.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 78/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 81/6 (13 coupons). Postage 1/11 extra.

Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 52/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 58/6 (13 coupons). Postage 1/11 extra. Instructions for making-up included.

F2995

F2997

F2997.—Short summer pyjamas, that are so cool. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



No. 649.—Child's crisp sunsuit and sunhat. With the pattern clearly traced on well-wearing cotton in shades of open-blue, beige-sandalwood, bluestone, and sea-green, this new American sunsuit and sunhat for small boy or girl comes to you with full instructions for cutting and making-up.

Suit has a bare midriff effect, well shaped at the top, and fastening at the back. The trunks are brief and fit well. Fancywork motif at the front may be worked in shades to tone or contrast. The sunhat is adjustable, with shady brim at front and good covering in crown.
Sizes 1 to 2 years and 2 to 4 years, 4/9 (5 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 7/11 (5 coupons). Postage, 5½d. extra.

No. 650.—Darling frock and bonnet for small girl

Prettiest frock and bonnet for a little girl, clearly traced, ready to cut out and stitch together, with full instructions for making. Design has been fashioned in an excellent cotton in attractive shades of sky-blue, honey-lemon, natural beige, and bittersweet-pink.

Style shows small shoulder yoke, cape sleeves, and magyar skirt. Yoke is fully embroidered ready for working. Bonnet is sweet and shady and ties under the chin. Edge trimming shown in the illustration is not supplied with the article.
Sizes 1 to 2 years and 2 to 4 years, 4/9 (5 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 7/11 (5 coupons). Postage, 5½d. extra.



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN
One to six-year-old charmers
Nos. 1, 2, and 3 all require 1½yds. 36in. wide.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; A 10 stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 4810, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 408F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 188C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
TASMANIA: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post. PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

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FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY "VINCENT'S"



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For HEADACHES, NERVE & MUSCULAR PAIN, LISTLESSNESS,
RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, NEURALGIA

VINCENT'S A.P.C. POWDERS AND TABLETS

Maiden With Butterflies

Continued from page 19

SUDDENLY there was Aunt Mary stepping out of the door of the plane on to the top step, and, "Wait a minute," she says, and was I glad of two words that I could understand. But those were the only ones I could, for what she said next was to the prince, and it was in French and at the end she pointed at the king.

The prince listened with his back nearly to her, still facing the king's son. When she stopped, he turned to the king and asked him a question in Soodan language.

The king said something that meant yes.

Now Aunt Mary had a kind of a smile on her lips, and she told the prince in French what to say.

Then he took a short step toward the car, and in a louder voice he said a short quick thing, just a flat statement, and everybody took a short, quick breath, and they all waited for what the king would say.

Well, they didn't have to wait long. The old boy barked out an order, and, believe me, those men on their horses dropped their guns and they all jumped off their horses, and began clearing away that pile of money bags and carried 'em back double-quick and hung 'em back across the saddles.

The king's oldest son pleaded with his father, but his pop said, "Nothing doing." And the king got out of the car and took me by the hand and led me over to the plane, and we all said good-bye, and the other sons that had just watched all that had happened came up, crowding and yelling, and we got in the plane, and our steps were pulled up, and the motors roared, and we beat it for India.

In the plane I didn't think I better ask any questions till we got settled down some. Aunt Mary sat by me, thinking, but still with that little smile round her mouth.

"Hi water-lily," she says.

"Hi, wise old fish," I says right back.

"Well," she says, "you ought to feel pretty flattered."

"How?" I says.

"The king's son was trying to buy you," she says, "for a wife."

"What was in those bags?" I says.

"Gold," she says. "It was like an auction. You see when the prince said no, the king's son offered more and more till he thought he had offered enough."

"Then what happened?"

"The prince still said no."

"What happened then?" I says.

"Then the king's son said what in Soodanese meant 'O.K. prince.' I'll take her anyhow. Try and stop me."

"Was that when you tutted in?" I says.

"I thought I better," she says, and she patted my hand. "I didn't feel like I wanted to lose you, you being the nicest niece I ever had."

"Thanks," I says and I got her to tell me just what she said to the prince and what he said to the old king, and how we got away.

Well, what she had told him the prince was to ask the king, if this son did take me by force or bought me, wasn't it one of their customs for the king to give his new daughter-in-law whatever she asked for as a wedding present. So the prince asked him and the king said yes. Then she told the prince to tell the boys that there was just one thing I would ask for, and that was the sewing-machine.

For she knew that before the king would give up that sewing-machine, he would see that son and all his other sons turned into camel boys.

"So, what could he do," said Aunt Mary, chuckling, "but lead you to the plane and say good-bye quick."

So that was it, and it all made me think pretty hard.

After a while the prince came and sat with me. "I'm so sorry," he says, "about all back there."

"Oh, that's all right," I says, "and thank you for not selling me."

"What?" he says. "Oh, never, never."

"Well, anyway," I says, "I'm much obliged."

"Now we come soon to Bombay," he says. "Bombay is in India," he says. "And after Bombay we go to Calcutta," he says. "And after Calcutta we go to my house."

"That's fine," I says, "and then you'll see your brother. And then

you and him can do what you both planned with all the money. Share and share alike."

"No," he says, "no share for me. It is all for him if I can make him take it. But if I cannot make my brother take this money it will break my father's heart."

"Why?" I says.

"Because if I cannot, then it will be too late for me to save my brother and what he does I will have to do."

And he touched the little lotus-button in his lapel.

"Listen," I says, "do you really believe that if your brother does something bad that you don't want to be mixed up in you ought to let your father think you are just as deep in it as him?"

"You do not understand," he says. "Just for one minute," I says, "forget about the oath and answer me one question: Do you love the Japanese?"

"No," he says. "Oh no."

"But if your brother is up to something?"

"Maybe he is not," he says, "or even if he is, maybe I give him more money."

"You mean more than the Japanese give him?"

"Yes," he says.

"Now listen, you poor kid," I says, "you made your bargain in good faith, but what's bad in your bargain is that your podner let you down. And now you're going to try to buy him back from being bad."

"I must try," he says.

"All right," I says. "Try your best, and then if you fail, break the

oath. Break it so you will feel free."

"Maybe he listen," he says. "Maybe a friend help me."

"Mr. Bosco?" I says.

"Maybe," he says.

"Tell me," I says, "what has Mr. Bosco to do with all this business?"

"How you mean?" he says.

"Well, your family," I says, "seems to be pretty well to do. Well," I says, "it seems funny, him such a poor little man. Does Mr. Bosco get his share of this money, or does he want your brother to help his country, or what?"

He smiled. "Mr. Bosco," he says, "only he didn't call him that. 'Mr. Bosco' is one of the richest men in Burma."

Well, that stopped me I can tell you.

We stopped next at some place very foreign-looking. I forget where, and there was boats for hire. So we went for a boat ride, and the prince talked to me some more, and he told me he had a very and childhood.

"I was not happy," he says; "English school I ran away from. My brother is better educated. He is tall, my brother, and very handsome. I love my brother. You see what I do for him. To old king in Soodan I sell one diamond because for fifteen years he want that diamond. So I take it and sell to him, and now I am afraid to come home."

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What's on your mind?

New plans for slums criticised

THE congestion at peak hours in cities like Melbourne and Sydney reveals that the city traffic will become a major problem within a few years if decentralisation does not become reality.

An article appeared in a Sydney newspaper about replacing slum houses housing 1000 people, with a model flat settlement, including a playground, nursery school, and gardens to house up to 1364 persons. This is not a slum clearance. To house a further 364 persons in a smaller building area means congestion.

City councils must be made to plan for a reduction of population in these closely settled suburbs, not an increase.

21 to E. L. White, Labuan, Borneo.

U.S. method pays

IF we adopted the American fares system for trams and buses in the metropolitan area the great loss each year would be wiped out.

In most American cities there are no conductors on transport. Payment is made as you enter the vehicle by dropping the correct coin in a slot machine. Entrance is by the front doors, and exit at the rear and side, controlled by the driver. There is no getting in or out until the vehicle has stopped. This would mean the adoption of flat-rate fares of say, threepence on all routes, but the saving in wages and the collection of 100 per cent. in fares would make it pay.

5/- to H. B. Fletcher, 10 Quinton Rd., Manly, N.S.W.

Work for all

A HOUSE should not be termed such, or rent collected, unless it includes wire doors and windows, good bath with heater, copper, wash-trough, good stove, and completely fenced.

If a law was passed to this effect there would be no possibility of an army of workless men.

5/- to M. R. Mabette, Campaspe West, Echuca, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 150 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind," c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and in exceptional circumstances will letters be published under pen-names.

Payment of 2/- will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

It cuts both ways

US. SERVICEMEN'S praise for Australian sex equality (30/9/45) can cut both ways.

During the last few years three of my friends have married U.S. servicemen, and they unanimously agree that what they most admire in their husbands is the men's obedience to every feminine wish or desire. It seems that U.S. men who want sex equality and to be master in the house will have to live in Australia. The girls going to the States do not intend to alter the fine old U.S. custom of women wearing the pants.

5/- to E. Edwards, 8 Cliff St., Belmont, N.S.W.

Set an example

THERE are many married women whose appearance after marriage is an eyesore to their husbands and children. Is it because the chase is over and the prize won?



If women made a point of looking as attractive after marriage as before there would be less marital unhappiness and fewer divorces. The home is the centre of family life, and this place to set a good example.

5/- to G. Jewell, 8 Liguria St., Coogee, N.S.W.

Quality control

THE Government has announced its intention of retaining price control temporarily. However much we dislike controls, I think few would object to "quality control," ensuring a minimum quality as well as a maximum price.

If goods are to be scarce in the immediate postwar period, there is a strong argument in favor of making them durable.

5/- to A. P. Bailey, 45 Angus Rd., Lower Mitcham, S.A.

Health at stake

I THINK there should be some law prohibiting owners of cafes, restaurants, and grocers' shops using second-hand papers and boxes to wrap edible goods. It is unhygienic.

I have seen papers and boxes returned to cafes that have been already used several times. As things are returning to normal, this should be one of the first things attended to.

5/- to Mrs. V. Bolitha, Meredith, Vic.

Wider range urged

MANY women dislike the color pink and wonder why it is chosen for brassieres, corsets, and suspender belts. There are other pretty pastel shades that could be used.

White is first favorite with a number of women.

Let us hope when things are normal there will be a wider range of colors to choose from.

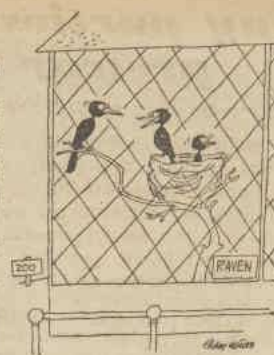
5/- to Mrs. V. Lyons, 24 Kensington Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

Parliamentary broadcast

THE advisability of broadcasting parliamentary business to the general public will no doubt meet with a mixed reception. The wireless set is generally looked upon as a source of pleasurable recreation.

On the advantage side members would be able to justify their existence to their constituents, also, microphone-conscious members would have an opportunity to overcome this shyness. On the other hand, it leaves an open field to the few cultured exponents in the art of debate.

5/- to W. J. Bayes, 187 Invermay Rd., Launceston, Tas.



"He just said his first word—'Nevermore!'"

with an alien enemy, two of the countrymen of who was bluffing Washington, while a lot of whose other Japanese countrymen was bombing our Pearl Harbor," I says, and I was sure surprised to find I was about to cry.

"Listen, dear child," Aunt Mary says, "I am an American, but I've lived and worked most of my life in England and Europe. And Mr. Bosco is like that, too. He's a Burmese who's lived for many years in Japan, and who travels to South America once a year to look after his interests."

"You mean Mr. Bosco is not a Jap?" I says.

"Mr. Bosco is no Jap," she says. "Why didn't you ask me long ago, or ask him?"

"I don't know," I said, and I was so glad Mr. Bosco wasn't a Jap I forgot all the things I had wanted to ask Aunt Mary.

As I left her, she patted my hand. "We will soon have found out everything I came over from London to America to find out," she says, "and I could never have done it at all without you."

Well, we got to Bombay all right, and Calcutta, and finally one night we got to the prince's house, in his own State. It was just like something I saw once in the films.

People came out and hugged the two serving boys. And the prince and Mr. Bosco went off, and I was sure they went to see the prince's brother.

Aunt Mary seemed nervous, the first time I ever saw her seem like that. And for the first time she told me right out what we were really doing here. It sure gave me a turn. We were here to watch the prince. That's why we had come on this long trip, because though even Aunt Mary had gotten to like him nearly as much as I did, she had to watch him and report on him because that was her business.

And now she was nervous because from some English she had had a get-together with in Calcutta, she had found out that the prince was sure in deep, and the English kind of had the stuff on him and his brother too. They were both, it seemed, pretty bad boys, she said, and even though we had got to like him she was mighty afraid that Sir Gerald Burroughs would do some arresting, and pretty quick.

In fact, she said she knew Sir Gerald meant to arrest the prince at his father's house.

"Who's Sir Gerald?" I says.

"He's an old friend of mine," she says, "and he knows more about India than Gandhi does." Then her eyes got gentle and she put her hand on mine. "Listen, child," she says, "you've done a fine job, and I am deeply fond of you, and what's worrying me now is that you are going to be hurt."

"How?" I says.

"This is a hard-boiled game," she says, "and I know you have grown to like Hulla Bandah, and so have I. So be prepared," she says, "for a shock when we get to his father's palace. For anything Sir Gerald does will have to be done quick, or it won't work. This is a military secret. But I know if I tell you it's safe."

"Sure," I says, but my heart felt tight and cold.

To be continued

Gay parties rival prewar functions

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

Hollywood is bursting out in a flock of postwar parties rivaling the gaiety and originality of prewar functions. Actors are taking out their dress-suits from mothballs and actresses are wearing famous jewel collections with the newest evening gowns, as lavish parties once more take the spotlight.

Movie fan millionaire Atwater Kent started the ball rolling with three formal victory balls which were attended by hundreds of actors. Then cover girl Kay Aldridge and her husband, Cameron, bought out the exclusive night-club Mocambo for a private party honoring the birthdays of band-leader Kay Kyser and Cobina Wright, senior.

AMONG the guests Constance Moore stood out in a pink chiffon Grecian-style gown with amethyst clips and earrings which were presented to her last birthday by Barbara Hutton.

New actress Rumanian Lisette Vera, who is starring with the Marx Brothers in their new film, "Night in Casablanca," drifted in, in white chiffon ornamented with emerald and diamond clips and her hair crowned with green orchids.

Betty Hutton's mother gave the biggest cocktail party of recent times, inviting three hundred guests to meet Betty's bridegroom, Ted Baskin. This was the couple's third week anniversary celebration. All Betty's Paramount pals were on hand greeting her. I noticed Dorothy Lamour smartly attired in a lovely black velvet dress with flowing skirt, as Betty rushed forward holding

Ted's hand, exclaiming to her, "Isn't he wonderful! Look at him; isn't he just marvellous!"

Betty was wearing a pink feather hat atop her blonde curls, and told me, "I never wore hats before, but I saw this model in New York and went wild about ordering it in every different shade matching my dresses."

The "hat" is a tiny wisp of ostrich feather on a black band.

Originality was the keynote of Peggy Ryan's party for her sergeant brother, who is returning to civilian life from the Army. Peggy gave a "civilian shower" for her brother.

Intimate friends of the family attended, bringing gifts of ties, socks, sports shirts and sweaters. Peggy says the haul included a loud red-checked shirt, floppy fishing hat, gaily printed beach shorts, and fancy ear-muffs, besides more sober and useful gifts.

In the days before the war Basil



UNUSUALLY SIMPLE hairdo is becoming to Paramount star Dorothy Lamour, who wears one of the new black velvet evening frocks to a Hollywood party.

Rathbone and his wife, Ouida, gave the most lavish parties. I recall one instance where they brought snow from the mountains to their garden, where an elaborate ski-slide was built for the garden party. Unfortunately, a sudden downpour of rain turned the glittering whiteness to shabby mud, and the party had to be held indoors.

In the 1920's the late Douglas Fairbanks, sen., and his wife, Mary Pickford, were Hollywood's leading hosts. In the 1930's the honors went to Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, who yielded the honors to the Rathbones. Now the Rathbones find the Jack Bennys, Edgar Bergen and Sonja Henie are vying for the honors as the best postwar party-givers.

Hollywood is unlikely to return to the days of drinking champagne from slippers, or, like the late Charles Ray, giving a party in his home equipped with solid gold plumbing, then filing a bankruptcy plea the following day. But in spite of their dignified approach to-day's stars manage to cram color and originality into the latest festivities.

Deanna choosing names for expected baby

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

IF Deanna Durbin's baby, which is expected next year, is a boy the young actress will call him Jeffrey. She does not know what she will name the baby if it is a girl and is asking all her friends for suggestions. Deanna is married to director Felix Jackson.

AT the tennis matches this week, where stars from South America fought for the championship on the courts against old-timers like Helen Wills Moody, more movie fans watched the audience than the tennis, as Van Johnson's red head, Cary Grant's dark one, Gary Cooper's lanky frame, and Paulette Goddard's platinum blonde hair drew attention from the courts to the bleacher seats.

FRED ASTAIRE has announced that he wants to retire from the screen, and has packed his bags for New York and a reunion with his sister, Adele, Lady Cavendish, who arrived from England.

CHARLES BOYER is ill in bed with nervous prostration. He plans to take a long rest upon the completion of Warner's "Confidential Agent," which he is making with Lauren Bacall.

Also Bing Crosby is in hospital from overwork, and has cancelled all his radio shows.

PARAMOUNT's dress designer Edith Head made duplicates of Olivia de Havilland's screen clothes for Olivia's private life. Clothes of post World War I featured in her film "To Each His Own" adapt themselves amazingly to to-day's styles, says Olivia.

A SIDELIGHT on the turnover of factory employees to household help was related by Joan Crawford when she said, "I advertised for a maid and got 167 answers immediately. Now it appears I can give up doing the family wash and cooking and concentrate on my acting career again."

SAW Bette Davis looking tanned and happy in a red sporta coat, accompanied by her ex-husband, Harmon Nelson, commonly called Ham. Ham and Bette have been meeting steadily since his return from the Pacific, and many people in Hollywood wonder what became of the romance with Corporal Lewis Riley, believed to be in Manila. Some predict Bette will marry Ham, but the star refuses to comment.

CESAR ROMERO has a household of relatives rivaling Maria Montez' home. Cesar has both his parents, two sisters, and two nephews under the one roof.

NEW romantic lead Cornel Wilde's pretty blonde wife Patricia Knight got a Fox contract when she was apied in a beauty parlor by producer Darryl Zanuck's wife, Now Patricia and Cornel kiss baby Wendy good-bye at six each morning and drive to the studio together, where Cornel is under contract.

Stirring Story of the Regency Period . . .

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TUESDAY at 9 P.M.

Film Reviews

★★★ NOW, VOYAGER

FROM any standard you like, "Now, Voyager" is entertainment plus.

Director Irving Rapper, of Warner's, highlights Bette Davis' superb dramatic ability, and skilfully uses the brilliant supporting cast to take the audience on a fascinating excursion into psychiatry.

The story tells of a drab, neurotic spinster (Bette Davis) and her battle to free herself from her tyrannical mother (Gladys Cooper). Guided by psychiatrist (Claude Rains), Bette is transformed into a glamorous woman, and quickly finds romance—first with Paul Henreid and later John Loder.

Miss Davis, obviously in her element in an emotional role literally steeped in heavy drama, gives one of her finest performances, yet her brilliant portrayal does not detract from the excellence of the supporting cast.

Paul Henreid brings sympathy and deep understanding to the role of the man who found love too late; young Janice Wilson makes an effective debut as Henreid's neurotic daughter; and Claude Rains gives his usual restrained, yet dynamic performance.—Century; showing.

RKO have at last fixed a date for the beginning of production on the Sister Kenny film. Rosalind Russell will play Sister Kenny in the biography of this great Australian.

ANGELA LANSBURY, 19-year-old who arrived in America during the London blitz as a child evacuee, grew up to movie stardom and married actor Richard Cromwell. The newweds are making their home in Richard's hilltop house, where the actor fashions masks of famous actors which he hangs on the walls of his den.

Payment in Full

Continued from page 7

ALMOST brutally Dr. Kennedy said, "You're sure to lose him this way. Either that, or he'll be a helpless paralytic." His manner softened. "Remember, I brought Bob into the world, I pulled him through childhood ailments—I've got a percentage of that boy." Shakily Hippinistall unwrapped a cigar and poked it between his lips. "I don't know, I don't honestly know," he said.

Dr. Kennedy reached into his pocket to find a light for the Mayor. As he withdrew his hand, a crumpled yellow paper fluttered to the floor, printed side upward. Hippinistall bent over and retrieved it. The terse phraseology caught his eye.

He was shocked. "When did you get this?"

"Last night," Dr. Kennedy replied, taking the telegram quickly from the Mayor. "Joe, we're losing time. The sooner I can operate, the sooner—"

"Wait's lost, and yet you're here, fighting for Bob—"

"What else should I be doing?" Dr. Kennedy countered fiercely.

"Well"—Hippinistall was having difficulty with his speech—"well, if you can do that—"

"Life or death," Dr. Kennedy stated the issue clearly. "But let's not have him an invalid."

"I guess you can save him if anyone can," the Mayor said softly, but definitely. "Go ahead, it's up to you."

Dr. Kennedy drove at a sober pace, nearing Lakeside and another check-up of Bob Hippinistall. The passage of two weeks since he operated had practically guaranteed Bob's recovery, but had failed to add a scrap of information about Wait. The unremitting suspense of it was difficult to endure.

He parked the car in front of the hospital and, trying to put sombre thoughts aside, went to Bob's room.

The boy was asleep—a healthy, normal sleep—and Joe Hippinistall was sitting patiently in the visitor's chair.

"Hello, Doc," he whispered hoarsely.

Bob stirred in the bed and awakened. He glanced about, orienting himself, and then grinned at the two men.

Dr. Kennedy smiled back. "You

look fine. It won't be long before we can send you home—"

"Doctor," Bob said, "at last I can talk to you—"

"Not too much all at once," Dr. Kennedy admonished. "You've got to take it easy for a while."

"It's about Wait," Bob said determinedly. "He's O.K.—"

Dr. Kennedy gripped the edge of the bed, holding on to reality until he could digest this astounding statement.

"Wait?" he asked shakily, lowering himself into a chair.

"On the train I met a fellow from my outfit. He'd been taken prisoner, but escaped. He told me a doctor—a major—was taken at the same time."

"The chap didn't get the major's name—but it was Wait—"

He paused to catch his breath.

"I had a snapshot of Wait and myself—he picked out Wait as the major—said he could have escaped but chose to stay with the wounded."

Dr. Kennedy looked at Bob and a smile came to his lips, a smile slow enough to express realisation, then relief, and finally joy.

"Excuse me," he said. "I've got to lift some gloom."

In the hall he found a telephone and dialled his home. Mrs. Hight answered in a listless voice. He told her the great news, listened to the gladness and the pride take hold of her. It swelled in her until she, too, had to change the subject. "You've left your overcoat again," she announced vigorously.

Laughing, he hung up on her and walked back into the room. Hippinistall, grinning broadly, handed him a cheque.

"Thought I'd better pay off for Bob while I'm in a happy frame of mind."

Dr. Kennedy tore the cheque in two.

"If it isn't enough—" Hippinistall said haltingly.

"What Bob's told me, Joe—that's my payment in full."

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Movie World

• DOROTHY McGUIRE graduated to the films after a successful stage career. After seeing the quiet, brown-haired, blue-eyed youngster years ago, when she was thirteen, a famous stage star remarked that Dorothy McGuire had the "spark"

which means everything in the theatre. Sincere and intelligent, she gives her roles a rare quality of sensitiveness. Married to business man John Swope, she does her own housework. Her current film for Fox is "Anna and the King of Siam."



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Gary Cooper Western...



1 **COWBOYS** Melody Jones (Cooper) and George Fury (Demarest) are not welcome in town they visit.



2 **THEY** are befriended by Cherry (Loretta Young), who tells Melody he is suspected of being bandit killer Jarrad, who is in hiding after a coach robbery.



3 **MELODY**, a poor shooter himself, is easily held up by Jarrad (Duryea) and forced to change clothes to help Jarrad escape after killing a police officer.



4 **THE QUIET**, shy manner of Melody causes Cherry to become interested though she tells him to go away.



5 **A SHOOTING MATCH** follows between Jarrad and Melody, but peaceful Melody shoots so badly that he misses. He is wounded himself, but Cherry appears and kills Jarrad, though Melody believes it was an accident.



6 **AFTER** his recovery, Melody returns to Cherry's home to say good-bye, but finds that she has fallen in love with him.

Actor-producer as cowboy

"**A LONG CAME JONES**" marks Gary Cooper's debut as a producer, but is his fifty-first film as an actor. In producing RKO's film Cooper presents a somewhat different type of cowboy hero. He is Melody Jones, a shy, awkward cowhand who carries a gun but is the world's worst shot. Loretta Young as the feminine lead, Cherry Delongpre, is not the demure heroine of the usual Western. She is a fiery damsel, and a crack shot, who finally polishes off the villain when Cooper takes a wild shot and misses. The screen play was written by Nunally Johnson.

Every Woman!

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The exquisite fineness and lovely softness of Three Flowers Face Powder is winning new friends every day. It's as light as a thought, yet it clings like a happy memory.

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● A two-piece in white crepe. A slim, straight skirt, and top with wide V neckline, loose cap sleeves, and clever drape joining falling into a frilled peplum. Accent on dashing scarlet accessories.

● Another milk-white dress with a slim straight line, low neckline, draped bodice, and a fish-tail trailing frill falling down the skirt. The veiled hat massed with pink roses is acid-green matching the elbow-length gloves.

● Amethyst-blue drapery dramatises this chalk-white rayon crepe; perfectly simple, perfectly straight, wide loose shoulder-bands for sleeves. Bag and hat-bow match the blue front dress panel.

Renée

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ATTRACTIVE prefabricated steel-frame home recently erected at Essendon, Victoria.

Homes over the counter

● In Victoria, to begin with, completely furnished 5-room homes may soon be purchased over the counter for about £1250 and erected in one day.

GIVEN manpower and priority in materials, Mr. Norman Myer, of Melbourne, plans to produce 5000 prefabricated, steel-framed houses within twelve months of the set-off, 10,000 the following year.

Four basic types of attractive homes have already been designed (one of which is illustrated above), but it is proposed that at least ten different types will figure in the first year's output.

The experimental two-bedroom home shown on this page was erected at Essendon, Victoria, a few weeks ago. Plan is shown below. It's a forerunner of the many to come.

The all-steel, rust-resisting, welded structural frame was sheathed internally with standard fibrous plaster, and externally with a special cement-coated board, guaranteed strong, durable, fire-resistant and borer-proof.

Provision is made, however, for an interchange of materials as required by municipal building regulations, Government policy, and individual taste of the owner-to-be.

For example, the external walls may be cement-coated board, fibrous cement sheeting, or sheet steel. The framework may be either zinc anneal, steel lumber, tubular steel, or Oregon timber.

The internal decoration wall covering could be either fibrous plaster sheeting, Masonite, or Cane-ite.

Roofing may be tiles, asbestos, corrugated cement sheeting, or galvanised iron sheeting.

The several structural deviations in design necessary to the interchange of materials are provided for in the master plans.

You enter the living-room of this home from the front door. Front and side windows allow the maximum of natural lighting. A built-in fireplace can accommodate either a gas or electric fire unit, or can be adjusted, where these services are not available, to take wood or coal.

Shelving for books and decorative bric-a-brac is a built-in feature.

The dining-room is situated between living-room and kitchen, and meals can be served through a wall serving, an arrangement which is convenient for family requirements and for the entertaining of guests.

The kitchen itself is a model of compactness. The gas cooking unit can be interchanged with an electric cooking unit or a wood stove.

Built-in steel cupboards and shelving form a convenient surround on three sides of the kitchen. The top of the lower cupboards provides on one side working space

COMPACT KITCHEN with built-in steel cupboards. See story.

for the preparation of food, while on the other side is a stainless steel sink and draining tray.

Adjoining the kitchen on the one side is the laundry fitted with a gas copper, precast concrete troughs, and ample cupboard space for linen.

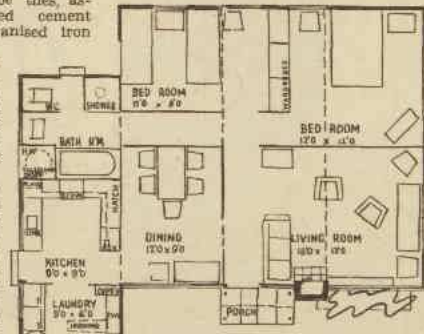
The triple unit bathroom is situated conveniently near the two bedrooms and features, in addition to the enamel bath and washbasin, a shower recess and enclosed toilet.

A hot-water service to kitchen, laundry, and bathroom is provided from a built-in 50-gallon unit.

Both bedrooms, which are separated from the living quarters by a small passage, feature built-in wardrobes.

The whole house has been planned to meet the maximum need of an Australian worker's family, and yet allow ample scope for the expression of individuality and personal taste in furnishing.

An outstanding feature from the standpoint of economy is the fact that additional sections may be purchased at about one-fifth of the original cost as needed, for each house is planned on box-sections.



GROUND-PLAN of house above.

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If you're feeling out of sorts—have Broken Rest, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy, and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause.

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Four feet of DAZZLING BLUE . . .

In cool and temperate climes you can grow delphiniums like these.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THE necessary ingredients for success with this rather picky flower may be summed up as follows:

A deep, well-drained soil containing ample humus; careful watering, because the plant is very allergic to several fungus diseases; and healthy seedlings or well-established year-old crowns.

In our mild climate both can be given practically the year round provided care is exercised after setting out. Winter, however, is regarded as the best time in some parts of the Commonwealth for planting crowns. Spring is favored in other parts, principally those areas where the winters are very wet and cold and summers hot and dry.

In the volcanic soils of the N.S.W. and Victorian Alps the plants frequently grow to 9ft., and at Yarragobilly (N.S.W.) plants have been seen bearing spikes from 5ft. to 6ft. Victorian hybridists have done much toward the production of first-rate varieties more suitable to our climate than imported kinds.

The Pacific Giants very closely approximate the Codsall Girl spikes shown in the picture above, and are



MAGNIFICENT SPIKES of Codsall Girl delphiniums towering above their soft green foliage.

truly magnificent when well grown. Seedlings set out now should bloom well next autumn.

It pays to raise the level of the beds above the rest of the garden during wet seasons, or where they have to be regularly watered, as delphiniums are extremely subject to crown and root-rot conditions.

The lovely pale blue varieties as well as the darker shades mix well with almost everything else, and provide a magnificent background for perennial or herbaceous borders.

Simple treatment for scabies

By MEDICO

MR. JONES had a problem which is becoming quite frequent in these days of home-sharing and overcrowding. Both she and her daughter had the "itch."

It was worse at night, and no amount of scratching seemed to relieve it. The itching was most evident in the soft folds of the body: between the fingers and toes; armpits, under the breasts, and behind the knees.

I examined with a hand-lens the skin between Mrs. Jones' fingers. There were several small burrows in the skin, from which I extracted a small parasite and examined it under the microscope.

"Your trouble is due to a small mite called *Acarus scabiei*. The condition is known as scabies."

"Can you give me something to stop the itch; we haven't had a decent sleep for a week," said Mrs. Jones.

"I will certainly stop the itch, but I'll stop it the most effective way—by destroying the cause."

"Is that easy, doctor?"

"It's quite a simple routine nowadays, thanks to a new lotion which is very effective. Here's a prescription for two six-ounce bottles of benzyl benzoate lotion:

"When you get home, take off all your clothes and put them aside for washing. Have a soaking hot bath and lie in it for ten minutes. Rub yourself all over with two ounces of soft soap, then scrub with a coarse flannel or nail-brush, especially the itchy places. Do this for ten minutes.

"Dry thoroughly, and then paint on the lotion with a suitable brush over the whole body from neck to toes. When the first coat is dried, put on another. Put on clean washable clothes. Twenty-four hours later have a second bath and another painting.

"Eight hours later have another bath and the treatment is complete. If the skin is reddened, soothe with calamine lotion. The routine must be thorough, because the skin will not stand a second course of treatment."

"How can I disinfect the clothes?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Ordinary laundering of all but woollen garments will kill all the mites," I assured her. "Hats, shoes, gloves, and other articles that cannot be laundered should be left in the kitchen oven overnight after the fire has died down. Blankets should be washed and dried, and then left airing in a warm room for two days."

"I am glad to have your advice, doctor, it's good to know definitely what is the cause," said Mrs. Jones.

"There are other causes of itching which may resemble scabies, but the microscope made the diagnosis certain," I said.

"How does one pick up these wretched things?" asked Mrs. Jones. "As the webs of the fingers are a favorite place for the mites to live, even hand-holding, as in dancing, can result in infection. It's unfortunate that you have picked up this trouble, but to neglect it and infect others is a serious matter."



"Now I'll be the mama!"



BABY: Let's have some fun, Mom. Pretend you're my baby, and I'm taking care of you.

MOM: All right, punkin—but be careful! Remember, babies are delicate little items.

BABY: Precisely, Mom. So if you were my little girl, I'd see that you got plenty of wonderful smooth-overs with Johnson's Baby Cream . . . and lots of nice, soft dustings with Johnson's Baby Powder.

MOM: Whoa! You mean you need both?

BABY: All us babies do. Didn't you know? . . . Johnson's Baby Cream—to help protect me from irritation. And Johnson's Powder, to help chase little chafes and prickles.

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Summer Sweets

These give a cool and fragrant finish to warm-weather meals.

PLAN easy-to-make dishes. Organise food preparation so that a minimum of time is spent in the kitchen, and let that time be in the cool of the day.

Make the most of the season's fresh fruits. Concocted sweets are usually lighter on the budget than the service of fresh fruit for dinner.

Stretch the supplies when necessary with jellies and custards.

Vary the basic recipes each time they are served. Fruit jelly can be clear, spongy, or creamy; egg-white, custard, or cream, whipped into the setting mixture, varies the texture and appearance.

Blancmange or cornflour mould quantities must be measured carefully; 2 tablespoons of cornflour to 1 pint of milk and gentle cooking for at least 15 minutes over boiling water are necessary for good flavor and smooth, light texture. Vary by making with milk coffee, adding melted chocolate, caramelised sugar, or lemon or orange rind or almond essence.

CHILLED BUTTERSCOTCH CUSTARD

One cup brown sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, 3 cups milk, 3 eggs, few drops vanilla or almond essence or 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind.

Mix sugar and flour, and gradually blend in the milk. Bring to the boil, stirring all the time, and cook over boiling water for 15 minutes. Cool slightly, and beat in the egg-yolks, cooking gently without boiling for a few minutes. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites and flavoring essence. Pour into small prepared moulds, and chill. Turn out and top with chopped nuts or fruit puree. For four.

MINTED FRUIT CHIFFON

One teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup water, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 1-3rd cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup fruit salad (banana, peach or apricot, passionfruit, apple), 1 tablespoon freshly chopped mint, extra 1 cup sugar.

Soften the gelatine in cold water. Mix the lemon juice and sugar and add the beaten egg-yolks; cook over boiling water until the custard just coats the spoon. Stir in the gelatine and lemon and orange rind. Beat the egg-whites stiffly, adding the extra 1 cup sugar, and fold into the custard. Fold in the fruit salad and chopped mint. Serve in individual sweet dishes garnished with crisp mint sprigs. For four to six.

MERINGUES

Four egg-whites, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup fine sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat egg-whites and salt until frothy and stiff. Gradually whisk in the sugar, beating until smooth, the sugar dissolved, and the mixture holds its shape.

Add vanilla or almond essence. The mixture may be beaten over boiling water for a few minutes; this helps to prevent cracking during baking. Chopped nuts or chopped cherries may be whipped into the meringue. Cover a baking sheet with plain white paper, with a rose-pipe and bag or a spoon-shaped meringue in small mounds on the paper. Bake in a very slow oven (275deg. F.) for 45 to 60 minutes, or until dry on surface and just

By
OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert
to The Australian Women's
Weekly.

delicately browned. Remove with knife from paper while still warm. When cold, store in an airtight tin. This quantity makes about five dozen small meringues. Serve with fruit compote, or sandwiched together with whipped cream (fresh or mock) and crushed fruit.

RHUBARB AND BANANA FOOL

Six bananas, 1 pint stewed rhubarb, 1 cup boiled custard, sugar to taste, cochineal.

Peel the bananas and crush with a fork. Add the rhubarb and custard, whisked well before adding. Sweeten and color to taste. Whisk well, chill thoroughly, and serve in individual dishes with crisp vanilla biscuits.

APRICOT GLAZE PIE

One baked pastry-case, 8in., 2 cups drained cooked apricots, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup water, 1½ cups hot apricot juice, 1 teaspoon salt, chopped nuts or whipped cream or ice-cream.

Arrange the apricots in the baked pastry-case (short pastry which may be spiced, or nutty, or flavored with orange rind). Soften the gelatine in the cold water, and then dissolve in the hot apricot syrup. Add salt. When syrup is cool and begins to thicken, pour over the apricots. Chill until firm. Sprinkle with chopped nuts, or pile with whipped cream.

CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM

One teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1oz chocolate, 1 pint milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 pint cream or well-whipped boiled custard, 1 teaspoon vanilla or almond essence, pinch of salt.

Dissolve the gelatine in hot water. Shred the chocolate into the milk and warm over boiling water until the chocolate has melted. Add the gelatine and sugar, stirring until dissolved. Pour into refrigerator ice-trays, and when beginning to



AN ICY CONFECTION of lime jelly whipped with meringue and custard, topped with chopped walnuts, and served with fruit and orange patty cakes . . . chilled lemon tea also on the menu.

freeze remove from trays and whip in the cream or custard and flavoring. Return to trays and chill until firm. Condensed milk may be used instead of sugar. Quick freezing makes a smooth-textured ice-cream, but is not always convenient. Freezing at usual refrigerator storage temperature may take 6 to 8 hours.

LIME MARSHMALLOW CREAM

One packet lime jelly crystals, 1 pint boiling water, 1 cup custard sauce, 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar, green coloring, walnuts, seed fruit for garnish, such as pear or peach halves.

Make a jelly with the crystals, and when cool and beginning to set whisk in the custard and then the egg-whites beaten to a stiff froth with the sugar. Color as liked and chill, whisking occasionally. Pile on to dish, and sprinkle with chopped walnuts and garnish with fruit.

WHOLEMEAL ORANGE PATTY-CAKES

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1oz sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, about 2½ tablespoons milk, 4oz wholemeal self-raising flour.

Cream butter, sugar, honey, and orange rind, beating with a wooden spoon until smooth and fluffy. Beat in egg and then mix in flour and milk, stirring quickly and lightly until smooth. Bake in greased patty-tins in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for about 15 minutes. This quantity makes about 12 patty-cakes. When cold, scoop out centre, and fill with fruit such as shredded pineapple, apple puree, stewed apricot or berries. Top with cream if available. Serve as dinner sweet.

FOOD FACTS

[Findings from recent Food Research and Surveys.]

THE highest ascorbic acid (Vitamin C) content of tomatoes has been found to be near and before the ripening state, and the lowest in green or overripe tomatoes.

Fruits that are naturally firm, like certain pear types and quinces, may be made hard and tough by the action of sugar. They should be steamed or cooked in water before the sugar is added, or in a thin syrup.

Lard is one of the purest natural fats. It has about 25 per cent. more shortening power than other commonly used products.

Mackerel is a good source of three important B vitamins. Lean fish as cod, haddock, flounder, though good sources of protein, rate far below mackerel in B vitamins. Like other fatty fish, mackerel is best cooked by dry methods, such as baking or grilling.—Massachusetts Agricultural Station.

All families cannot afford all the foods they need for adequate nutrition. Nutritionists urge the advantages of home gardens, especially the growing of green and yellow vegetables such as tomatoes, cabbage, broccoli, carrots, squash, peas, and beans. Canning and drying should ensure an adequate year-round diet.

The guava contains ten times as much Vitamin C as the orange. Its Vitamin C content is also remarkably stable, not only in the raw state, but in stewing, preserving, and jelling.—Journal of the American Dietetic Association.

There seems little doubt that obesity increases the hazards of child-bearing. — Research among obstetric patients, University of Iowa.

Mushrooms are among the best plant sources of the Vitamin B complex. About 3½oz. of fresh mushrooms provide one-fifth of an adult man's daily requirement of riboflavin, and a quarter of his requirement of nicotinic acid.—Food and Nutrition Notes, Canberra.

The booklet entitled "A Food and Nutrition Programme for the Nation," prepared by Dr. J. D. Black, of Harvard University, proposes Government measures to include nutrition education for all school pupils, the use of school lunchrooms and school gardens, expansion of programmes of home demonstration among rural families, and its ultimate extension to urban families, systematic clinical examination of schoolchildren for nutritional and health deficiencies.



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ORANGE-FLAVORED cornflour mould served with chilled apricots looks good and tastes better for a warm-weather meal.

EASY TO MAKE

Simple little recipes from readers win places in this week's competition. First prize sweet, new version of old favorite, can be served hot or cold.

EACH week entries are carefully examined. Each and every winner is recommended as a recipe worth trying.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE PUDDING

One tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons flour. Cream butter and sugar. Beat in egg-yolks and add flour, cocoa, and milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in greased pudding set in a pan of warm water in a moderate oven for 45 minutes. When cooked it will be cake mixture on top and sauce underneath.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Vernon, 28a The Avenue, Windsor, Vic.

WHOLEMEAL FRUIT CAKES

Three ounces lard or dripping, 6oz. sugar, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 egg, 9oz. self-raising wholemeal, 3 tablespoons milk, 6oz. mixed dried fruit. Cream fat, sugar, lemon rind and juice. Beat in egg. Stir in milk gradually and then flour and fruit. Bake in greased patty-tins in fairly hot oven (400deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. K. Wilson, 26 Bates St., Homebush West, N.S.W.



STEPHANY ANN LIBIN taking the air in her American-type stroller. She is the year-old daughter of T/Sgt. and Mrs. H. B. Libin, of Lewistown, Montana, U.S.A. Mrs. Libin was formerly Miss Shirley Maxwell, daughter of writer Mrs. C. Bede Maxwell, of Ashfield.

CREAMED RADISHES ON TOAST

Choose young white radishes about the thickness of asparagus stems. Boil until tender in cold salted water. Drain. Place on hot buttered toast and top with white sauce. May be sprinkled with chopped parsley or grated cheese. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss B. White, c/o Flat 3, 62 Cook Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

MOCK CREAM FILLING

One cup blancmange (cold), 1½oz. butter, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, flavoring such as vanilla essence, grated orange or lemon rind, or almond essence.

Cream butter and sugar together and gradually beat in the cold smooth blancmange. Flavor to taste. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Yates, 144 Senate Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.

CHEESE AND ONION SCONES

Half pound self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, salt, pepper; rub in butter and mix in cheese and onion. Add beaten egg and milk, mixing to a light soft dough. Turn on to a floured board, knead lightly and roll

Why baby needs iron

By SISTER MARY JACOB

IRON is a very necessary mineral element for good nutrition, as it is found not only in the red blood cells but in all the actively functioning cells of our bodies.

There is little reserve of iron in the body, and if the output exceeds the intake a condition known as anaemia takes place.

Although milk contains an abundance of calcium and valuable vitamins it is deficient in iron.

For this reason nature takes iron from the mother's blood during pregnancy and stores it in the liver cells of the developing baby, so that it will last the baby while its diet is exclusively milk.

Expectant and nursing mothers and young children are thus especially in need of a diet rich in foods containing iron.

A leaflet dealing with the importance of iron and other minerals needed for good nutrition can be obtained from "The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is sent with the request.

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HARBUTT'S
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WATERMELON DEVOTEES. Like all youngsters, the Dionne quintuplets like to gorge on watermelon. Above is the latest picture of Cecile, and in the background you glimpse Annette about to spit the seeds in most unladylike fashion. Note Cecile's sturdy arms; the ring on middle finger. All wear replicas.

to 1½ in. thickness. Cut into shapes. Glaze with a little milk and egg and bake in a very hot oven for about 10 minutes. Serve freshly made.

This recipe won a £10 prize in the recent "Acrophos" Recipe Quest for Mrs. D. Hilditch, 26 Bloom St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.



Personality...

in frocking is not the be-all-and-end-all of charm. A clear, youthful complexion, energy and fitness are equally essential. Realising this, the "woman who knows" starts her day with half a teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water... to ensure that inward freshness which means vivacity and health.

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**Tandaco
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Here's a cold dessert that puts a tasty finishing touch to a good dinner. Just made with water. When in season, serve with fresh raspberries—makes a box go twice as far!



**Tandaco
Orange Delight**

A thrilling taste sensation for you. Serve cold with slices of fresh orange—or makes a mouth-watering dessert when served hot. Just beat in one egg, and bake in the oven.



TANDACO DESSERTS



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So attractive when set in a mould, and turned out into sparkling dessert glasses. For special occasions, decorate with burnt sugar and almonds.



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